

# AFTER DINNER STORIES





AFTER-DINNER STORIES

**STOLEN  
FROM THE SHELF  
OF T.G.B.**



# AFTER-DINNER STORIES

CONTAINING A GREAT MANY STORIES BY THE AUTHOR,  
WHICH ARE ABSOLUTELY ORIGINAL, BOTH IN  
ESSENCE AND CONSTRUCTION, AND APPEARING  
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN PRINT; TOGETHER  
WITH A SELECT ASSORTMENT OF THE  
BRIGHTEST GEMS OF STANDARD  
WIT AND HUMOR BY CELE-  
BRATED RACONTEURS

Edited by

PAUL E. LOWE



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## CLASSIFIED INDEX

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ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.....	7	LAWYERS, COURTS, AND WIT-	
AMBITION.....	9	NESSES.....	62
ARGUMENT.....	10	LUNATICS.....	76
ARTISTS.....	11	MATRIMONY.....	77
AUTHORS.....	12	MUSIC.....	80
CHARITY.....	13	NEGROES.....	81
CHILDREN.....	15	PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS...	84
CHINAMEN.....	22	POLICE.....	87
CHRISTIANS.....	22	POLITENESS AND PATIENCE....	88
CLERGYMEN.....	23	PUBLIC MEN.....	91
COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS.....	30	RAILROADS.....	97
CONSCIENCE.....	32	RESOURCEFULNESS.....	98
COUNTRYMEN.....	32	SAILORS.....	99
DRINKERS AND DRUNKARDS..	33	SARCASM.....	101
EDITORS, PRINTERS, ADVER-		SEASICKNESS.....	104
TISEMENTS, ETC.....	38	SERVANTS.....	105
FINANCIERS.....	41	SOCIETY.....	107
HEBREWS.....	48	SOLDIERS.....	109
IGNORANCE.....	54	STAGE FOLK.....	111
IRISH BULLS AND WITTICISMS.	58	STEAMBOATS.....	121
JOURNALISTS.....	60	TRAMPS AND BEGGARS.....	122
		MISCELLANEOUS.....	124





## INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

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IN launching this little volume upon its mission of hilarity and fun, it is not the intention of either the author or the publisher to present it as wholly original; for some of the stories are of doubtful vintage; and yet they are gems of thought, as well established in the broad field of wit and humor, as the best works of master minds in any other department of classic literature.

They may be old enough to vote, and may be adorned with whiskers like a comet's tail; but it must be conceded that good wit and humor, like all good things, are a joy forever.

Some things never grow too old. In the realms of art, literature, wine, cheese, and Chinese eggs,<sup>1</sup> the persistency of merit and joy is eternal.

Funny stories antedate all written human records. They are older than the Hindu Shastra;<sup>2</sup> and the immortal writings of the ancient Greek and Roman scholars are as of yesterday, in contrast with the jokes recorded on the walls of caves, with the primitive implements of our hairy progenitors, who lived and laughed, cracked nuts and skulls with their stone hatchets, in

<sup>1</sup> In China eggs 100 years old are considered a great delicacy and are very costly. They are never thrown at actors; not even stars.

<sup>2</sup> Said to be the oldest book in the world—10,000 years old.

the primordial marshes and jungles of a measureless prehistoric antiquity.

But, lest the reader may infer that "there is nothing new under the sun," we seize upon this opportunity to say, that between the covers of this book are interspersed a great number of entirely new and original stories, which have never before seen the light of day, and which were written especially for this work.

THE AUTHOR.

# AFTER-DINNER STORIES

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## ABSENT-MINDEDNESS

---

A gentleman had a bad memory; a friend, knowing this, lent him the same book seven times over; and, being asked afterward how he liked it, replied: "I think it an admirable production, but the author sometimes repeats the same things."

---

A very absent-minded gentleman being upset by a boat into a river, sunk twice before he remembered he could swim.

---

The oddest instance of absence of mind happened once to Sydney Smith, in forgetting his own name. He says:

"I knocked at a door in London, and asked, 'Is Mrs. B. at home?' 'Yes, sir; pray, what name shall I say?' I looked in the man's face astonished. What name? what name?—ay, that is the question; what is my name? I believe the man thought me mad; but it is literally true that during the space of two or three minutes I had no more idea of who I was than if I had never existed. At last, to my great relief, it flashed across me that I was Sydney Smith."

Robert Simson, the Scottish mathematician, was noted for his absent-mindedness. He used to sit at his open window on the ground floor, deep in geometry, and when accosted by a beggar, would arouse himself, hear a few words of the story, make his donation, and dive. Some wags one day stopped a mendicant on his way to the window with—

“Now, do as we tell you, and you will get something from that gentleman and a shilling from us besides. He will ask you who you are, and you will say, ‘Robert Simson, son of John Simson, of Kirktonhill.’ ”

The man did as he was told; Simson gave him a coin, and dropped off. He soon roused himself, and said:

“Robert Simson! son of John Simson, of Kirktonhill! why that is myself! that man must be an impostor!”

---

An absent-minded person once dined out at a stranger’s table, got up after dinner and apologized to the company for the meanness of the fare and the detestable cooking.

---

A celebrated surgeon whose mind seemed to be constantly preoccupied with the duties of his profession to the exclusion of all the other affairs of daily existence, came home one day to find that his wife had invited a party of friends to dine. On one end of the sumptuous table there was a fine fifteen-pound roast turkey, beautifully trussed up and stuffed with oysters. Upon being requested by the hostess to carve the delectable bird, the doctor proceeded very deliberately to the task, seeming the while intensely absorbed in the operation, and totally oblivious of the presence of the guests assembled around the board.

First he made a long incision, cutting through the bone and opening the turkey nearly the entire length of the breast.

He then made another incision at right angles with the first one, and carefully drew the skin back from the flesh, making four neat flaps. Then, with scrupulous delicacy and consummate skill, he took out the oysters one by one, sliced away a considerable area of the flesh and inner bony structure, removed all of the dressing, the liver, gizzard, etc., and then, reaching in his pocket, withdrew a leather case, from which he took a surgeon's needle and thread and sewed up the incisions.

When the last stitch had been taken the good doctor patted the breast of the bird gently, smiled triumphantly around at the assembled guests, and, as though he were addressing a class of medical students in a clinic, said:

"Now, then, I think with a little care and good nursing the patient will soon be on her feet and well again."

---

## AMBITION

A faithful old German, who for many years had occupied the position of sand dryer in the round-house of a railroad company, had time and again been offered a better position, but he persistently refused, giving as a reason that he knew how to dry sand and was sure of his job; but that in some other position he might not be so successful. With one exception the limit of his earthly ambition was the drying of sand for the engines; and this exception was an overweening desire to be elected to a certain office in a local secret order of which he was a member. The incumbent of the office aspired to by

the old German was known by the title of Sponsor, and his duties consisted of leading the candidates up to the enthroned presence of the Mighty Kookhan, and answering certain ritualistic questions put to him from the tribune concerning the qualifications, etc., of the candidate, or applicant, for admission into the order.

After a candidate had been led up to the tribune by the Sponsor, the colloquy, according to the form of ritual, ran somewhat as follows:

Mighty Kookhan: What have you there?

Sponsor: An infant.

M. K.: Where did you find him?

S.: I found him wandering in the depths of the wilderness.

Finally, the old German attained the summit of his ambition. On the first night that he officiated, and after he had led his candidate to the tribune, the Mighty Kookhan began with the formal questions, viz.:

Mighty Kookhan: What have you there?

Sponsor (German): I gotta pabie.

M. K.: Where did you find him?

S.: Caught 'im in de voods.

---

## ARGUMENT

In a Canadian lumber camp two axmen, Bill Johnson and Rufus Brown, occupied the same cabin.

One evening, as they were frying their bacon over the log fire, Bill remarked: "A sheep was stolen from the camp to-day."

Not another word was uttered that night by either of the men.

Next evening, as they were preparing supper, Rufus said: "'Twasn't a sheep; 'twas a ram."



Neither of the men had anything further to say that night; but at daybreak next morning, Rufus, poking his head out of his bunk, noticed that Bill was packing his few belongings in an old gunny sack.

"What are you doing, Bill?" asked Rufus.

"Packing up to leave," grunted Bill.

"What for, Bill?"

"Too much argumint in this camp," growled Bill, as he slouched out of the cabin.

---

A story is told of two Western men who travelled together three days in a stage coach without a word ever passing between them. On the fourth day one of them at length ventured to remark that it was a fine morning. "And who said it wasn't?" was the reply.

---

## ARTISTS

An old Rube was watching an amateur artist painting a sunset in very noisy and vivid colors.

Looking up suddenly from his work the young artist addressed the farmer:

"Has not nature opened to you her sky picture, page by page? Have you not seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the livid east, and the red-stained, sulphurous islets floating in the western lake of fire? Have you not seen the ragged clouds at midnight blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No," sighed the Rube, "not since I quit drinking."

---

Whistler, the great artist, once advertised for a boy model. Among the many boys that applied for the

position was one very ragged and unkempt but beautifully formed boy, who struck the artist's fancy.

"How old are you, my boy?" asked the artist.

"Fourteen, sir," replied the boy.

"Whistler contemplated the boy for a moment and remarked: "I cannot imagine, my boy, how you could have gotten so dirty in only fourteen years."

---

"You say this picture is worth \$5000, and yet you are offering it for \$10."

"Yes."

"Something wrong here," declared the policeman. "I'll have to take you in."

"Nothing wrong, officer," interposed the dealer. "He's the artist."

---

### AUTHORS.

Publisher: Have you submitted this manuscript anywhere else?

Author: No, sir.

Publisher: Then where did you get that black eye?

---

An author consulted a lawyer concerning a dispute with his publisher in relation to a book which the publisher had put on the market for him.

"You have saved me just \$150," said the author to the lawyer, "for I will now get that much more for my book."

A few days later the lawyer sent a bill to his client reading as follows:

"For advice relative to the publication of a book, \$150.00."

An author asked a publisher whether or not it would be better to get out a small first edition of his book.

"Get out a small edition, by all means," advised the publisher, "The smaller the better," he emphasized. "The scarcer a book is at the end of four or five centuries, the more money you will realize from it."

---

An author says that while on the way to the office of his publishers one crisp Fall morning, James Whitcomb Riley met an unusually large number of acquaintances who commented conventionally upon the fine weather.

Now, this unremitting applause amused the Hoosier poet. When greeted at the office with "Nice day, Mr. Riley," he smiled broadly.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I've heard it very highly spoken of."

---

## CHARITY

In expatiating upon the beauty of real charity, a priest endeavored to convey to his listeners the idea that it was not so much the amount of the donation to the Church which mattered, as the spirit in which it was given, and he recalled vividly the parable of the Widow's Mite, together with other examples of the genuine spirit of charity which had fallen under his observation, contrasting these shining examples of true charity with the ostentatious offerings often inspired by the pride of wealth.

"Why," said the priest, "I remember well one Sunday not long ago, when a collection was being taken up for some worthy purpose, the rich and powerful ones showered their big bank notes and coin in the greatest

profusion into the box; but what touched me most, and caused many tears to flow from the eyes of those of the congregation who witnessed it, was the beautiful devotion of a little girl, Maggie Murphy, who walked all the way up through the aisle, into the chancel, and laid an egg on the altar.”

---

A very penurious little man of wealth and local prominence was attending a banquet given by a gentleman of philanthropic propensities, with a view to enlisting the interest and support of his wealthier fellow townsmen in some movement for the amelioration of the condition of the poorer ones, and to devise practicable ways and means to that end.

After the postprandial cigars were lighted, one of the gentlemen who were gathered around the great circular table, arose and spoke as follows:

“I propose that we all contribute to a fund of ten thousand dollars and give the money to the poor.”

Then another gentleman arose and proposed that the fund be raised to thirty thousand dollars. Another raised it to forty thousand dollars; and each one in turn raised the proposed amount until it had reached a very substantial sum, and the only member of the party who had not been heard from was the wealthy little gentleman of tightwad fame.

When it came his turn to signalize his interest in and love for the poor, he rose, his face beaming with the warm glow of charity and brotherly love, and in a voice choking with suppressed emotion said: “Fellow townsmen and friends, I agree with all of you that something should be given to the poor; but I am opposed to the demoralizing effect of cash expended in that way, therefore, fellow townsmen and friends, I propose we

give (here the little man raised his right arm high above his head and after a short, impressive pause, continued)  
THREE CHEERS FOR THE POOR.

---

## CHILDREN

A teacher was telling her class the names by which people of different States were known. "Now, children," she said, "the people of North Carolina are known as 'tar heels'; those of Georgia, as 'crackers'; those of Indiana, as 'hoosiers'; and those of Michigan, as 'Michiganders.' Now, which of you knows what the people of Maine are?"

"I know," piped a small voice.

"Well, Mary, what are they called?"

"Maniacs," chirped Mary.

---

A teacher in a public school asked her class the question: "Who was Nero?"

For a space of time none of the children answered, when suddenly away back on the last bench a little hand was raised and a very diminutive miss piped out: "Teacher, I know."

"Well, Betty, how do you know who Nero was?"

"'Cause," chirped the mite, "I heard 'em singing about him in my Sunday school."

"And what did they sing about Nero in your Sunday school?" pursued the teacher.

"Why, they sang Nero My God to thee."

---

A lady who had boasted highly at a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him thus:

"Charlie, my dear, won't you have some beans?"

"No," was the ill-mannered reply of the petulant cherub.

"No!" exclaimed the astonished mother. "No what!"

"No beans," said the child.

---

"Well, Charley," said a parent to his son on Christmas day, "what did you find in your stocking this morning?"

"Find, father," replied the hopeful youth, "why, I found a big hole."

---

A little boy once said to his aunt: "Aunty, I should think that Satan must be an awful trouble to God."

"He must be trouble enough, indeed, I should think so," she answered.

"I don't see how he came to turn out so, when there was no devil to put him up to it," said the lad.

---

A lady passing along the street one morning, noticed a little boy scattering salt upon the sidewalk for the purpose of clearing the ice, "Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "that is real benevolence."—"No, it ain't, ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."

---

"John," said a doting parent to her boy, "can you eat that pudding with impunity?"

"I don't know, ma, replied the young hopeful, "but I guess I can with a spoon."

---

"Father, are there any boys in Congress?"—"No, my son; why do you ask that question?"—"Because the papers said, the other day, that the members kicked Mr. Brown's Bill out of the House."



A little child, four years old, was on her way home from church with her father, when they passed a boy splitting wood, and the father remarked, "Mary, see that boy breaking the Sabbath." The child made no reply, but walked home very thoughtfully, and meeting her mother, exclaimed: "O mother, I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with an axe."

---

A lady was showing her little son the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was. "Ma!" said he, all at once, "oh ma! just look at that poor little lion, way behind there, he won't get any!"

---

"Please, sir," said a little child to a guest, "who lives next door to you?"

"Why, my child, do you ask?" said the guest.

"Because mamma said you were next door to a brute," replied the child.

---

A little four-year-old child in Boston told his father he was a fool. On being reprimanded by his mother and required to say he was sorry, he toddled up to the insulted parent and exclaimed:

"Papa, I'm sorry you's a fool."

---

"Who made you?" asked a teacher of a boy who had lately joined her class.

"I don't know," said he.

"Don't you know? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a boy fourteen years old! Why, there is little

Dicky Fulton—he is only three—he can tell, I dare say. Come here, Dicky; who made you?"

"God," said the infant.

"There," said the teacher, triumphantly, "I knew he would remember it."

"Well, he oughter," said the boy; "'tain't but a little while since he was made."

---

A gentleman whose nose had been lost was invited out to tea. "My dear," said the good lady of the house to her little daughter, "I want you to be very particular, and to make no remarks about Mr. Jenkins' nose." Gathered around the table everything was going well; the child peeped about, looked rather puzzled, and at last startled every one by asking:

"Ma, why did you tell me to say nothing about Mr. Jenkins' nose? He hasn't got any."

---

A little girl being sent to a store to purchase some dye-stuff, and forgetting the name of the article, said to the clerk:

"John, what do folks dye with?"

"Die with? Why, cholera sometimes," replied John.

"Well, I believe that's the name. I want to have three cents' worth."

---

Two boys were spending the Christmas holidays with their grandmother. One night they were saying their prayers, and one boy vociferated his petitions to the Heavenly Throne in a voice that could be heard a mile. He was telling Divine Providence what he wanted for Christmas, and his enthusiasm in the cause got on his brother's nerves.

"What are you praying for Christmas presents so loud for?" interrupted the other boy. "The Lord ain't deaf."

"No," whispered the prayerful one, "but grandma is."

---

A little chap who wanted a watch, was told that for the present a watch could not be given to him.

But he continued to tease for one until the whole family were wearied. Then his father, after explaining that he should certainly have a watch when he was older, forbade him to mention the subject again.

The next Sunday, the children, as was the custom in that family, which was rather religious, repeated Bible verses at the breakfast-table. When it was the boy's turn, he astonished them all by saying:

"What I say unto you, I say unto you all: Watch!"

---

The following answers were found among the examination papers of a class of children in a public school:

The skeleton is to save you from being a limp creature.

Vertebrates have bones inside their stomachs.

Ligaments are soft bones in our heads.

Cartilage is used for neither skin nor flesh.

Man is a mammal because he drinks milk when young and has hair like a whale.

Man belongs to the whales because they breathe the air and we breathe the same out of our lungs.

The Hindus religion is Brownism.

---

A bright boy of six, while being dressed for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear and having more mended places than he admired, turned to his mother and asked her:

"Mother, is father rich?"

"Yes, very rich, Johnnie. He's worth two millions and a half."

"How, mother?"

"Oh, he values you at a million, me at a million, and the baby at half a million."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said:

"Mother, hadn't you better tell father to sell the baby and buy us some clothes?"

---

When asked by the teacher "How and when was slavery introduced into America?" a small boy answered:

"No woman had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London Company sent over a ship-load of girls. The planters gladly married them, and slavery was introduced into America."

---

"B—e—d spells bed," said the teacher for the twentieth time to her backward pupil. "Now, do you understand, Tommy?"

"Yes," said Tommy, glibly.

"Well, c—a—t spells cat, d—o—g spells dog and b—e—d spells—what did I tell you that b—e—d spells?"

"I—I've forgot, miss," whispered Tommy, contritely.

"What, you don't know what b—e—d spells after all that I've told you?"

Tommy shook his head.

"Oh, Tommy!" mourned the teacher, "Well, once more, b—e—d spells what you sleep in. Now, what do you sleep in?"

"My shirt!" shouted Tommy, triumphantly.

---

Johnny's mother had taken him to the Zoological Gardens. Just before starting Johnny and his Aunt

Mary had a difference of opinion as to what did and what did not constitute a clean neck.

The walk around the menagerie was a journey of sheer delight to the boy until he came to a strange animal with a long, lithe body.

"What's that?" he asked.

"That's an ant-eater," said his mother.

Johnny stood contemplating the creature for some minutes in silence. Then he said, quietly:

"Can't we bring A'nt Mairy here some day, mummy?"

---

It is told of Col. Abraham Gruber that when he was very young and looking for employment he passed a lawyer's office, where he saw a sign reading "Boy Wanted." He removed the sign and rushed up to the lawyer with it, placing it on his desk.

"Why did you bring up that sign?" asked the lawyer.

"Why keep it out any longer? I am going to take the place," said young Gruber.

---

Of all the champion exaggerators surely none can go ahead of the two boys of whom it is told that one said, with a swagger:

"I bet I can remember longer 'an you. I can remember when I was born."

"Oh, that ain't nothing!" said the second little imp.

"I can remember when God said, 'Stand, Johnny, and let me put your eyes in.'"

---

Willie P., a little five-year-old, was playing with a honey-bee, when the angry bee stung him. "O grandma!" cried Willie, "I didn't know bees had splinters in their feet."

## CHINAMEN

Stopping a man in the street a Chinaman asked:  
"You tellee me where railroad depot is?"

"Why, what's the matter, John, lost?"

"No, me not lost; depot lost."

---

A pretty lady teacher said to a Chinaman pupil:

"What! Do you intend to withdraw from the Sunday school?"

"Yesse. Me flaidee stay here," replied the Chinaman.

"Afraid? What are you afraid of?"

"Thisee leap-year," whispered Wah Lee.

---

A Chinaman was asked if there were good doctors in China.

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in world. Hang Chang one good doctor; he great; save life, to me."

"You don't say so! How was that?"

"Me velly bad," he said. "Me callee Dr. Han Kon. Give some medicine. Get velly, velly ill. Me callee Dr. San Sing. Give more medicine. Me glow worse—go die. Blimebly callee Dr. Hang Chang. He got no time, no come. Save life."

---

## CHRISTIANS

A merchant advertised for a cashier, stating in his advertisement that none but Christians need apply. Among the numerous applicants for the position was a



neat, clean-cut Japanese youth, whose appearance, at first sight, impressed the merchant favorably.

"Are you a Christian?" asked the merchant.

"Yes, sir," lied the Jap.

"Do you drink, smoke, and swear?" continued the merchant.

"I do none of those things," assured the Jap.

"Then you are no Christian," returned the merchant.

"Let the next applicant step forward."

The foregoing story makes a good mate for an incident related by an old sea captain, who was once shipwrecked and thrown by the sea on to a cannibal island. After wandering about for several days, footsore and famishing with hunger, he saw a thin whisp of smoke curling up from a clump of bushes, and immediately concluded that he had run into a band of cannibals holding an orgy over the grilled flesh of some unlucky captive, when he suddenly heard a voice, emanating from the clump of bushes, and saying: "Why in h—ll did you play that ace?" Raising his hands and looking skyward in grateful recognition of heaven's merciful guidance, he exclaimed: "Thank God, they are Christians."

---

## CLERGYMEN

An inmate of a lunatic asylum was perched on top of the brick wall surrounding the institution, when an itinerant preacher came jogging along on his old dobbin.

"What's your business?" asked the lunatic.

"I am a man of God—a minister of the gospel."

"You mean you are one of those finger boards," said the madman.

"Why do you call us finger boards?" queried the preacher, both surprised and amused.

"Because," cried the nut, clapping his hands in great glee and laughing immoderately, "because you are one of those guys who are always pointing the way to other people, but never go yourselves."

---

A boy was showing a social settlement preacher through a dark, congested tenement house in the slums of a great city, and asked him if he would not like to have a light.

"No, boy," said the preacher, "I am one of the lights of the world."

"I wish, then," said the boy "that you were hung up at the end of our alley, for it's fearfully dark there."

---

A clergyman one Sunday gave out the hymn, "I love to steal awhile away," and the deacon who led the singing commenced, "I love to steal—," but found he had pitched it too high. Again he commenced, "I love to steal—," but this time it was too low. Once more he tried, "I love to steal—," and again he got the pitch wrong. After the third failure the minister arose and said:

"Observing our brother's propensities, let us pray."

---

"Do you believe in predestination?" asked the captain of a Mississippi steamboat of a traveling preacher.

"Of course I do," answered the preacher.

"And you believe that what is to be will be?" continued the captain.

"Certainly I do—why do you ask?"

"Because," said the captain, "I intend to pass that boat ahead in fifteen minutes if pine knots and fat bacon

will do it; so don't be alarmed, for if the boiler ain't to burst, then it won't."

Here the divine turned pale and began to retreat toward the stern.

"I thought you said you believed in predestination, and what is to be will be," taunted the captain.

"So I do," gasped the terrified divine, "but I'd rather be in the safest place when it comes off."

---

A clergyman named Jeeter called upon one of the deacons and said after giving out a hymn:

"Brother Moon,  
Will you raise a tune?"

The deacon lifted up his voice, but instead of beginning at once to sing inquired,

"Mr. Jeeter,  
What's the metre?"

---

A blacksmith in a raw, western mining town of mushroom growth, was convicted of murder and sentenced to death by Judge Lynch; but a large majority of the chief miners joined together and pleaded with the vigilants to spare the life of the blacksmith, offering as a strong argument in favor of the condemned man, that there was only one blacksmith in the camp, and he was badly needed to shoe horses and mend the mining tools, whereas there were two preachers, for whom the community had very little use, and it would be better to hang one of them.

---

An old clergyman noted for the inelegance of his oratorical delivery once read aloud a hymn in which occurs the following line:

"Life's like a shadow; how it flies."

But, pausing in the middle of the word "shadow" to take breath, he astonished his hearers with this:

"Life's like a shad—

Oh, how it flies."

---

A Kansas preacher was asked to marry a couple, and, actuated by his own feelings and experience rather than by a sense of his canonical duties, opened the book and began:

"Man that is born of a woman has but a short time to live, and is full of trouble," etc., repeating a part of the burial service.

The astonished bridegroom exclaimed: "Sir, sir, you mistake! We are here to be married, not buried."

"Well," replied the clergyman, "if you insist upon it, I am obliged to marry you; but, believe me, my friends, you had better be buried."

---

A Scottish minister was once busy catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual first question to a girl whose father kept a public house:

"What is your name?"

No reply.

The question having been repeated, the girl replied:

"Nane o' your fun, sir; ye ken my name weel enough. D'ye no' say when ye come tae oor house at nicht, 'Betty, bring me some toddy'?"

The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, broke into a loud laugh, and the parson looked daggers.

A gentleman attended the church of an eminent divine, and the subject of the morning discourse was, "Ye are children of the devil." He attended the same church in the afternoon, when the text was, "Children, obey your parents."

---

A minister who thought that every boy and girl should learn to repeat the Thirty-nine Articles as well as the Catechism, once asked a youthful scholar if he had read the Thirty-nine Articles.

"No," said the boy, "but I have read the Forty Thieves."

"You may sit down," said the minister.

---

At a church where there was a call for a minister, two candidates appeared whose names were Adam and Low. The latter preached an elegant discourse from the text—"Adam, where art thou?" In the afternoon Adam preached from these words, "Lo, here am I."

---

A young man, on the eve of going to Australia, heard his father preach from the text, "Adam, where art thou?" On his return, after a long absence, he went on the first Sunday, as was proper, to his father's church, when the old gentleman read out the same text, "Adam, where art thou?"—"Mother," said the son, who was something of a wag, "has father not found Adam yet?"

---

A story is related of an old Dutch minister who was about commencing his spiritual exercises one evening, when, to his being a little near-sighted, was added the dim light of a country church. After clearing his throat

and adjusting his spectacles, he commenced giving out the hymn, prefacing it with the apology:

"The light ish bad, mine eyes ish dim,  
I sceerce can see to read dish hymn."

A deacon, supposing it was the first stanza of the hymn, struck up to the tune of a common metre. The old fellow, taken somewhat aback by this turn of affairs, corrected the mistake by saying:

"I didn't mean to sing dish hymn,  
I only meant mine eyes ish dim."

The deacon, still thinking it a combination of the couplet, finished in the preceding strain.

The old man at this waxed wroth, and exclaimed at the top of his voice:

"I dink the debil's in you all,  
Dot wash no hymn to sing at all."

---

A Western preacher, after stating that tea, coffee, sugar, spices, pickles, preserves, milk, meal, snuff, and tobacco were adulterated, stretched himself up to his height, and with great emphasis exclaimed:

"Who will dare to deny the fact that this is a wicked and adulterous generation?"

---

At a meeting of a parish a strait-laced and most exemplary deacon submitted a report, in writing, of the destitute widows and others who stood in need of assistance from the parish.

"Are you sure, deacon," asked another solemn brother, "that you have embraced all the widows?"

He said he believed he had.



At a christening, while a minister was making the certificate, he forgot the date, and happened to say:

"Let me see, this is the 30th."

"The thirtieth!" exclaimed the indignant mother; "indeed, it is only the eleventh!"

---

Henry Ward Beecher asked Park Benjamin, the poet and humorist, why he never came to hear him preach. Benjamin replied, "Why, Beecher, the fact is, I have conscientious scruples against going to places of amusement on Sunday."

---

Uncle Toby had a neighbor who was in the habit of working on Sunday, but after awhile he joined the church. One day he met the minister to whose church he belonged. "Well, Uncle Toby," said he, "do you see any difference in Mr. Smith since he joined the church?"—"O, yes," said Uncle Toby, "a great difference, a very considerable change. Before, when he went to mend the fences on Sunday, he carried his axe on his shoulder, but now he carries it under his overcoat."

---

A clergyman, in catechising the youth of his church, put the first question from a catechism to a girl:

"What is your consolation in life and in death?"

The girl smiled, but did not answer. The clergyman insisted.

"Well, then," said she, "since I must tell, it is a young printer in Spruce street."

## COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS

A Boston drummer, who contemplated a trip to a small town, which he had never visited before, and which was situated in a remote corner of a far western state, mentioned the fact to another drummer who was fairly well acquainted in that town. The latter offered to write a letter to his friend, Col. Huggins, landlord of the only hotel in the place.

"I shall tell my friend the Colonel," said drummer No. 2, "to keep a look out for you and take good care of you while you are in Tankville."

In due time the drummer arrived at the hotel, and when he reached the counter, the landlord, a tall, lean, angular individual, with a long Uncle Sam goatee, and the curved outlines, on one sallow cheek, of a big wad of tobacco on the inner side, twirled the register around and shoved it in front of the drummer.

After registering, the drummer looked up and said: "Colonel, I am Mr. Allwool about whom our mutual friend, Mr. Sellers, of Boston, has written you."

"Waal?" said the landlord, shifting his wad of tobacco from one cheek to the other.

Somewhat peeved at the landlord's lack of effusiveness, the drummer ventured a further attempt to stimulate his sluggish sense of hospitality. "I say, Colonel, I am Mr. Allwool, from Boston. You surely received a letter from our friend, Mr. Sellers, concerning me?"

"Waal?" grunted the Colonel; and the wad of tobacco made another trip across his lower set.

"Well," cried the drummer in desperation and disgust, "I thought that a letter to you from my friend, Sellers, would have insured for me a cordial reception, to say the least of it; but——"

"Waal," interrupted the Colonel, "Wot d'ye want me to do? Do ye want me to kiss ye?"

---

A drummer called upon a grocer, and at the same time a poor old woman entered soliciting alms. The grocer, wishing to play a joke on the drummer, told the woman "to ask the boss"; at the same time pointing to the drummer.

The drummer, turning to the grocer, who was a very small man, promptly said:

"Boy, give this poor woman six-pence out of the till."

The grocer paid.

---

A traveling salesman tells of a unique correspondence between a Chicago house and its representative in South Dakota.

It appears that the drummer had sent the following message to his employers:

"Snowing hard in Deadwood. Snow plows stalled. Good here for a week. Wire funds and instructions."

To this the manager of the Chicago establishment wired as follows:

"Telegram received. Hundred telegraphed you. Lose no time. Play poker and remit winnings to house."

---

A commercial traveler was standing in front of a hotel on Upper Broadway one night, when a bedraggled tramp approached and said:

"Say, old feller, give us 50 cents for a night's lodgin'."

"Nothin' doin'," said the drummer.

"Aw, say, ye won't see me walk de streets all night, will ye?"

"Certainly not. I'm going to bed pretty soon."

## CONSCIENCE

A very conscientious man met a friend and said, "Say, I'm awfully sorry, but you know I told you the other day that Oleson was a Swedenborgian?"—"Well, isn't he?" asked the other.—"No, I find he's a Norwegian."

---

The U. S. Secretary of the Treasury received a sum of conscience money from a man down South in a letter, which read as follows:

"Deer Sur about forttee year ago i stole ate thousin dolars frum the guvermint and my konshuns has bin a nawrin at me ever sence and i am sendin' you too sents fur the konshuns fund and when my konshuns begins to nawr me agin i will send you sum more.

Yore rispikful  
Konshuns."

---

## COUNTRYMEN

An old mountaineer who had never seen an oyster in his lifetime was told that there was no food so invigorating and rejuvenating as raw oysters, whereupon he decided to go down into a town in the valley and treat himself to a dozen of the luscious bivalves.

As he stood at the raw bar watching the man opening the oysters he was not very favorably impressed with their slimy appearance, and said to the bar attendant:

"Say, mister, I'll jist take one of them garl darn critters to try fust befo' you open more—jist put one o' em on dis plate."

A few minutes later a sporty townsman, who had a slight acquaintance with the mountaineer, came into

the place and saw the latter gazing contemplatively, but with a very wry and disgusted expression, at the big oyster on the plate.

"What's the matter, Hiram—why so contemplative?"

"Oh, nawthin'," drawled Hiram, "only I can't eat this oyster."

"You can't eat that oyster, Hiram," rejoined the other laughing boisterously; "why, it's the easiest thing in the world to swallow a raw oyster; come, let me show you how to do it." And suiting the action to the word he speared the oyster with a fork and in one gulp it was gone.

"Now, then, there's the way to do it," he remarked boastingly.

"Well, by Heck!" groaned the Rube, "ef I only had your stomick I mought do that too; but, by Heck, I had that critter down three times and every time it came up again."

---

## DRINKERS AND DRUNKARDS

A college president observed that one of the students was often very dull and stupid in the morning, which led him to suspect that the young gentleman's nocturnal habits were more convivial than wise. "Do you drink, Mr. Bibber?" asked the president.

"Well, er—well, I, er—well," stammered the youth, "Well, if your inquiry is merely for information, why, no, I do not drink; but if it's an invitation, I do."

---

A Kentucky Colonel was entertaining a northern friend on a fishing trip in a somewhat marshy section, where the mosquitoes were very troublesome.

The northerner, observing that the Colonel lost no sleep on account of the little pests, whereas he was almost driven frantic by them, asked the Colonel's old negro servant how it was that the Colonel could sleep all through the night, apparently undisturbed by the vicious attacks of the voracious little vampires.

"Well, ye see sah, 'tis jest dis way. De fust paht ob de night de Kernel is so full dat he don't bodder 'bout de skeeters; and de last paht of de night de skeeters is so full dat dey don't bodder 'bout de Kernel."

---

An invalid son of Bacchus was about to undergo an operation for dropsy at the hands of his physicians. "O father, father!" screamed a son of the patient, who was looking on, "do anything else, but don't let them tap you."—"But, Sammy," said the father, "it will do me good, and I shall live many a year after to make you happy."—"No, father, you won't. There never was anything tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week."

---

An Irishman had been sick a long time, and while in that state would occasionally cease breathing, and life be apparently extinct for some time, when he would come to. On one of these occasions, when he had just awakened from his sleep, Patrick said to him:

"And how'll we know, Jemmy, when you're dead? Ye're afther waking up every time."

"Bring me a glass of grog, and say to me, 'Here's to ye Jemmy,' and if I don't rise and drink, then bury me."

---

In Indiana a husband, after a spree, was led home by one of his friends, who after poisoning him safely on the



door steps, rang the bell, and retreated somewhat deviously to the other side of the street, to see if it would be answered. Promptly the door was opened, and the fond spouse, who had waited up for her truant husband, beheld him in all his toddiness.

"Why, Walter, is this you?"

"Yes, my dear."

"What in the world has kept you so?"

"Been out on a little turn with 'erboys, my d-d-arling."

"Why, Walter, you're intoxicated."

"Yes, dear, I estimate that's so."

"What on earth made you get so drunk. And why—oh, why do you come to me in this dreadful state?"

"Because, my darling, all the other places are shut up!"

---

"Joe, why were you out so late last night?"

"It wasn't so very late—only a quarter of twelve."

"How dare you sit there and tell me that lie? I was awake when you came, and looked at my watch—it was three o'clock."

"Well, isn't 3 a quarter of 12?"

---

Old John Morris was a chronic toper. One day, while returning from the tavern, he found locomotion impossible, and stopped at the corner of a fence, where he remained standing. He had been there only a few minutes when the minister came along.

"Well, John," said he, "where do you suppose you will go when you come to die?"

"Well, if I can't go any better than I can now, I shan't go anywhere."

---

This prediction was smartly satirised the other evening at a temperance meeting. A person in the hall got up

and said, "My friends, three months ago I signed the pledge. (Clapping of hands and approving cheers.) In a month afterward, my friends, I had a sovereign in my pocket, a thing I never had before. (Clapping and loud cheers.) In another month I had a good coat on my back, a thing I never had before. (Cheers and clapping much louder.) A fortnight after that, my friends, I bought a coffin." The audience was going to cheer here, but stopped and looked serious. "You wonder," continued the lecturer, "why I bought a coffin—well, my friends, I bought the coffin because I felt pretty certain that if I kept the pledge another fortnight I should want one."

---

A colored inebriate was lying on a bench one evening in his cell at the Central Station at Providence, when the officer made his rounds of inspection. Unable by the fitful gaslight clearly to discern the prisoner's features, the officer asked: "Are you colored?"—"No," answered the darkey drowsily, "I was born so."

---

Jones went home drunk, and found his wife asleep. He went to bed, and after a moment's consideration he thought it would be policy to turn over lest his breath might betray him. But Mrs. Jones opened her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world said: "You needn't turn over, Jones, for you are drunk clear through!"

---

An Irishman, being a little fuddled, was asked what was his religious belief. "Is it me belafe ye'd be asking about?" said he. "It's the same as the widdy Brady. I owe her twelve shillings for whisky, and she belaves I'll never pay her; and faith, that's my belafe, too."

It was a solemnly funny joke of a *bon-vivant*, who said that there were only two occasions when a gentleman could drink brandy without a sacrifice of dignity and self-respect, namely: "When he has had salt fish for dinner, and when he hasn't."

---

"Do you drink hail in America?" asked an Englishman. "Hail! no," replied the Yankee, "but we drink thunder and lightning." \_\_\_\_\_

A drunkard, upon hearing that the world was round, said that accounted for his rolling about so much.

---

An Oklahoma man visited the Great White Way in New York last week and a policeman picked him up about 1 A. M. leaning against a lamp-post at Thirty-eighth street and Broadway. When the policeman asked Jake why he didn't go on Jake just pointed to a sign-post which read "Not safe for loads over ten tons."

---

A Killarney tourist was assured by a guide that the echo on Loch Gill was very fine. So off went the tourist to hear it, and hired two men to row him out, accomplishing the transaction so swiftly that there was no time for them to arrange for the usual echo to be in attendance. In despair they broke an oar, and one swam ashore to fetch another. The echo then began.

"Good-morrow," cried the tourist.

"Good-morrow," said the echo with a fine brogue.

"Fine day, bless it."

"Foine day, God bless it," improved the echo.

"Will you have a drink?" cried the tourist.

"Begorra, I will!" roared the echo.

## EDITORS, PRINTERS, ADVERTISEMENTS, ETC.

An editor, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay.—“I expect I am,” said the fat man, “from the way the donkeys are nibbling at me.”

---

After an editor had been shaved by a barber on a Mississippi River steamboat he pulled out a dime and proffered it to him as a reward for his services. The barber drew himself up with considerable pomposity:

“I understand,” said he, “dat you is an editor?”

“Well, what of it?”

“We neber charge editors nuffin!”

“But, my woolly friend,” said the editor, “there are a good many editors traveling now-a-days, and such liberality on your part will prove a ruinous business.”

“Oh! neber mind,” remarked the barber, “we make it up off de gemmen!”

---

An editor started a paper in a frontier town which was infested with gamblers. The respectable citizens told him if he did not come out against them they would not patronize his paper. He replied that he would give them a “smasher” next day. Sure enough, his next issue contained the promised “smasher”; and on the following morning the redoubtable editor, with scissors in hand, was seated in his sanctum, when in walked a large man, with a club in his hand, who demanded to know if the editor was in.

“No, sir,” was the reply; “he has stepped out. Take a seat and read the papers—he will return in a minute.”

Down sat the indignant man of cards, crossed his legs, with his club between them, and commenced reading a paper. In the meantime the editor quietly vambosed down stairs, and at the landing he met another excited man, with a cudgel in his hand, who asked if the editor was in.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt response; "you will find him seated up stairs, reading a newspaper."

The latter, on entering the room, with a furious oath, commenced a violent assault upon the former, which was resisted with equal ferocity. The fight was continued until they had both rolled to the foot of the stairs, and had pounded each other to their hearts' content.

---

A German in Toledo, Ohio, keeper of a saloon for the accommodation of printers, has been obliged to suspend. On his books were found the following named members of the craft: "Der Laim Brinter, der Pen Putler Brinter, der Leetle Brinter, der Tivel, der Brinter mit ter red hair, der Brinter mit ter hair not shoost so red."

---

A Western paper strikes the names of two subscribers from its list because they were recently hung. The publisher says he was compelled to be severe because he did not know their present address.

---

"Job printing!" exclaimed an old lady the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing, week after week, ever since I l'arnt to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stogd it so long no how!"

A Western editor was requested to send his paper to a distant patron, provided he would take his pay "in trade." At the expiration of the year he found that his new subscriber was a coffin-maker.

---

A Western publisher lately gave notice that he intended to spend fifty dollars for the purpose of getting up "a new head" for his paper. The next day one of his subscribers dropped him the following note: "Don't do it—better keep the money and buy a new head for the editor."

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A witty editor of a penny paper took for his motto: "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance; that of the Star is only one cent."

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A wag proposes to publish a new paper, to be called the Comet, with an original tale every week.

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An Irish editor, speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says: "Her cup of misery has been for years overflowing, and is not yet full."

---

A Yankee editor out West, says: "The march of civilization is onward—onward like the slow but intrepid steps of a jackass to a peck of oats."

---

Editors get one important item of subsistence at a low price—they get bored for nothing.

---

A printer at a dinner-table, being asked if he would take some pudding, replied: "Owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to make room for it." His "inside" was already full.



A bachelor editor who has a pretty sister recently wrote to another bachelor equally fortunate, "Please exchange."

---

A western paper says that, "in the absence of both editors, the publisher had succeeded in securing the services of a 'gentleman' to edit the paper that week."

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An editor says: "Our best things will be found on the outside." That's the way with the most of the world.

---

A young lady who was casting around to get a good second-hand piano at a bargain, advertised as follows:

"Wanted a nice piano by a young lady with mahogany legs."

---

A minister quoting the expression, "We are but parts of a stupendous whole," the printer rendered it in the weekly paper in which the sermon was published, "We are but parts of a stupendous whale!"

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## FINANCIERS

A dapper young man entered a banker's office and said: "I've an attachment for your typewriter, sir, which I—"

"Well," said the banker, "settle it with her. Your love affairs are no concern of mine."

---

A few enterprising colored financiers started a savings bank in Georgia and induced a number of their race to patronize the new institution.

One old negro who had put all his savings in the bank appeared at the teller's window one day with his book and said he wished to withdraw his balance. "You have no balance," said the teller.

"How's dat?" cried the old man, "I puts mah money in de bank nigh a year ago."

"I knows dat," said the teller, smiling blandly, "but de intrus done eat it all up."

---

A rich banker of Wall Street, New York, had among others an old beggar on his pension list for a small monthly stipend.

One day when the gratuities were usually given out the old man appeared before the banker's official almoner and was only given half of the amount which he usually received, as the funds appropriated for charitable purposes that month had been exhausted. To account for the shortage the almoner jestingly explained to the old man that one of the banker's daughters had been married that month and the expenses of the function were so heavy that a curtailment of gratuities had to be resorted to.

"All right," said the pensioner, "I am willing to let it go this time, but you can say to your employer that if he contemplates any more expensive social entertainments in his family he will have to provide for them from his own resources and not mine."

---

One day a windy doctrinaire of strong communistic tendencies asked a wealthy banker if he did not believe that human justice demanded an equal division of all the wealth of the world.

"I certainly do," replied the banker, "and I am going to begin right now and divide mine up. So let us see what I owe to each of my fellow beings now living on our little sphere. There are about sixteen hundred million of them; I am worth fifty million dollars. Your share comes to exactly  $3\frac{1}{8}$  cents. Here it is."

---

A well-known Wall Street operator, who was afflicted with a marked impediment in his speech, was sitting in his office one day when a man entered with a parrot which he offered for sale.

"How m-m-m-much d-d-do you woo-woo-want for that b-b-b-bird?" stuttered the broker.

"Twenty-five dollars," replied the man.

"Well, c-c-can he t-t-talk?"

"Well, if he couldn't talk better than you do, I'd wring his head off," said the man.

---

When Jim Fisk and Jay Gould were partners in Wall Street they owned several of the magnificent floating palaces which plied between New York, Fall River, and Boston. On one occasion they invited some friends to inspect a certain boat and took special pride in pointing out to the visitors two superb portraits of the two owners which hung, one on one side, and one on the other, of a large space just at the head of the main stairway. One of the visitors, who was not unfamiliar with Wall Street methods for gathering the shekels, looked intently, first at the portrait of one partner, and then at the other. He then directed his gaze at the blank space between the two, and asked innocently. "Where's Christ?"

The president of a bank stood before the cell, looking through the bars at a prisoner who had held up the bank—shot the teller and got away with a large amount of cash.

"Young man," said the banker, "I have no sympathy whatever for such methods of acquiring wealth and I am going to have you punished to the full extent of the law. If you wanted to get the bank's money why didn't you come into the bank and work your way up into a respectable and safe position like the rest of us do?"

---

A sarcastic editor announced that "If a fee of fifty cents were charged to see the sun rise, nine-tenths of the world would be up in the morning."

---

An editor of a Down East paper, getting tired of paying his printers, resolved to diminish his help and put his own shoulder to the wheel. Here is a specimen of his first effort at setting type:

"Wə tʃɪnʃl ɛ ʃhAɪl d ɔ most OF OUR own settɪŋg  
tɪPə he-leafteɪ—drɪntərS mʲy tALK oʃəuɪ iTs bEɪŋg  
dɪfɪcʊlt to sɛɪ tɪpe, but don,t eXperɪenʃe ɛ ʊch dɪf-  
fɪcʊɪy."

---

A Western editor says that in the town where his paper is published, "a rattlesnake was killed a few days ago by a man with thirteen rattles."

---

An Illinois paper is edited by a certain Mr. Steele. A man bearing the name of Doolittle desired to go into partnership with him. The proposition was declined on the ground that the firm would read bad—Steal and Do Little, or Do Little and Steal. What's in a name?

"Wanted—a young man to take charge of a pair of horses of a religious turn of mind." A school committee man writes: "We have a school house large enough to accommodate four hundred pupils four stories high." A newspaper says: "A child was run over by a wagon three years old and cross-eyed with pantalets which never spoke afterwards."—"Parasol—a protection against the sun, used by ladies made of cotton and whalebone."—"Straps—articles worn under the boots of gentlemen made of calfskin." Another paper, describing a celebration, says: "The procession was very fine and nearly two miles in length, as was also the prayer of Dr. Perry, the chaplain."

---

A poet intended to say: "See the pale martyr in the sheet of fire," instead of which the printer made him say: "See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire."

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An administrator on the estate of a deceased female, in New Hampshire, advertised for sale at auction, "The wearing apparel of Mrs. A. O., deceased, consisting of one bed, two carpets, and one sleigh."

---

A schoolmaster in Ireland advertises that he will keep a Sunday school twice a week—Tuesdays and Saturdays.

---

"Now, waiter, what's to pay?"—"What have you had, sir?"—"Three fish."—"Only brought up two, sir."—"I had three, two trout and one smelt."

---

A Missouri paper announced a short time ago that the "wife crop in Gasconade county yielded 15,000 gals." The next week the editor came out with an *erratum*, "for 'wife' read 'wine.'"

In a Western city the following advertisement appeared in a newspaper: "Lost—a valuable new silk umbrella belonging to a gentleman with a curiously carved head."

---

A new apprentice to the printing business, who had been a cook's scullion on board a ship, in setting up a certificate as to the efficacy of Evan's pills caused it to read, instead of "remove the flying pains from the chest, etc."—"removed the frying pans from the chest."

---

At a colored ball the following notice was posted on the door-post:

"Tickets fifty cents. No gemmen admitted unless he comes himself."

---

A man advertises for "competent persons to undertake the sale of a new medicine," and adds, "that it will be profitable to the undertakers." No doubt of it.

---

An advertisement of cheap shoes and fancy articles, in an Eastern paper, has the following:

"N. B.—Ladies who wish cheap shoes will do well to call soon, as they will not last long."

---

A man who advertised to give "the best of sound, practical advice for fifty cents, that would be applicable at any time and to all persons and conditions of life," on application by a victim, per mail, sent the following:

"Never give a boy a dime to watch your shadow while you climb a tree to look into the middle of next week. It don't pay!"

A gentleman advertised for a wife through the papers, and received answers from eighteen hundred husbands, saying that he could have theirs.

---

One of the Irish newspapers contains an advertisement, announcing as lost a cloth cloak belonging to a gentleman lined with blue.

---

Opie Read was speaking of the early days of the "Arkansaw Traveller," when some one asked him if he had ever been able to secure a pass in Arkansas on the strength of the paper.

"Yes," said Mr. Read, "once, only once, and that was almost extortion. I wrote to the manager of a little 2 x 4 road which covered about twenty miles of the State of Arkansas and asked for a pass; not an annual pass, but only for one trip. The manager in reply wrote a very insulting letter. He took care to wound my sensitive nature by insinuating that he had never heard of me or of the paper. He wished to know the circulation of my sheet, and if it did circulate, where. Naturally, I wrote a very curt reply—you know how a man will act when his feelings are hurt. As I remember, it closed something like this: 'As for myself, my signature will explain; as for The Arkansaw Traveller, it is known throughout the world. It has a very large circulation; it goes everywhere—in fact, sir, we have had great difficulty in preventing it from going to H—.'"

---

Two rival sausage dealers in New York have their shops adjoining. One of them painted on his glass window, over a pyramid of sausages: "At ten cents a



pound; to pay more is to be robbed"; while the other put his sausages into an obelisk, and painted above it: "At twelve cents a pound; to pay less is to be poisoned."

---

A farmer saw an advertised receipt to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money and received in answer: "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights, and keep it by the fire."

---

A man in Wisconsin, recently advertising his farm for sale, winds up in the following language:

"The surrounding country is the most beautiful the God of nature ever made. The scenery is celestial, divine; also two wagons and a yoke of steers."

---

A furrier, wishing to inform his customers that he recast their old furs into fashionable styles, wound up his advertisement as follows: "N. B.—Capes, victorines, etc., made up for ladies in fashionable styles, out of their own skins."

---

A merchant, advertising for a clerk "who could bear confinement," received an answer from one who had been seven years in jail.

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## HEBREWS

A Hebrew was traveling in the Holy Land. One day, when looking at the Sea of Galilee, he inquired of a native what that body of water was. The native told him the name of the sea, and said: "That is the water that the Saviour walked on."

"Vat! der Zavior valk on dat vater? I ton't beleef it."

"Well, it's true all the same, and if you don't believe me, just go down to the shore and ask that boatman that you see bailing out his boat down there."

Approaching the boatman, the Hebrew asked:

"Ish dis de blace vare Christ valk on de vater?"

"Yes," replied the boatman, "this is the place."

"Vare?"

"Right out there."

"How mooch you scharge take me out dare?"

"Oh, nothing."

"Vat! nuttings? Vell, I go."

So the boatman rowed the Hebrew out about fifty yards from shore and stopped.

"Vell?" grunted the Hebrew, interrogatively.

"Well," said the boatman, "this is the place."

"You say dis ish de blace vare Christ valk on de vater?"

"Yes, the very spot."

"Vell, I ton't see any foot-brintz," said the Hebrew, looking around.

"Oh, no," replied the boatman, "it was a long time ago, and the waves have washed the footprints away."

"Oh, vell," snapped the Hebrew, with a deprecatory shrug of his shoulders, "no foot-brintz! den ve go pack."

"That's all right enough," said the boatman, "but it'll cost you ten dollars to go back."

"Vat!" screamed the Hebrew, "ten tollar to go pack! ten tollar to go pack! Ach, mein gott, now I beleef it! No vunder Christ valk on de vater!"

---

An old Irish washerwoman, with her basket on her lap, was sitting in a car opposite to two opulent looking Hebrews. Asked one Hebrew of his companion: "Mr. Epstein, are you going to Saratoga this year?"

"No," answered Epstein, "too many Irish there."

"Well, are you going to Atlantic City?"

"No, too many Irish there."

By this time the old Irish lady began to fidget.

"And," said Mr. Epstein, "where do you expect to go this summer, Mr. Cohen? Do you think of going to Bar Harbor?"

"No, Mr. Epstein, I find the same objection to Bar Harbor that you have to Saratoga and Atlantic City—too many Irish there."

The old Irish lady could stand it no longer. Glaring fiercely at the two deprecators of her race, and shaking her fist at them defiantly, she hissed: "Yees kin bote go t' hell—ye'll foind no Irish thare."

---

A gentile manager of a large hostelry, who was very popular with Hebrew salesmen, because of his remarkable resemblance in cast of features to those of their race, was approached one day by a somewhat illiterate knight of the road, who asked:

"Mr. K—, are you not one of the 'tchozen peepul?' "

"Why how can you ask me such a question?" replied Mr. K—, astutely, neither denying nor affirming, and then, by way of further lending strength to the impression he wished his questioner to form, he added: "Verbum sat sapiente" (*a word to the wise is sufficient*).

"What that mean: 'verb——'; how you call him?"

"Verbum sat sapiente," repeated the boniface. "Why that means: 'Have you got your catalogue?' "

---

A young Hebrew, Isadore Cohen, who had married into a wealthy family, was given fifty thousand dollars

by his father-in-law to start him in business. With this amount of capital a good line of credit was easily secured, and accordingly the young merchant stocked up heavily.

A short time after Cohen's failure was announced, and forthwith his establishment was besieged by hungry and angry creditors who threatened dire vengeance against the pseudo bankrupt if he did not settle. Fearing personal violence, Isadore induced his brother Abie to go to the store and act as a buffer for him until the excitement should blow over, and this Abie consented to do after outlining for himself a course of action to pursue in his intercourse with the creditors.

Accordingly, when a creditor would ask what was going to be done, Abie would throw up his hands and cry out: "Oh! Izzy is crazy—Izzy is crazy."

This was all the information that could be elicited from Abie.

Finally, one creditor, more persistent and insistent than the rest, said: "See, here, Mr. Cohen, there is evidently something very crooked in this deal, and if some satisfactory settlement is not made, and that quickly, your brother will be put where he belongs.

"Oh! Izzy is crazy—Izzy is crazy," moaned Abie.

"But, Mr. Cohen, don't you think with all the capital your brother had to start on, and all the credit that was given him, that he might pay 50 cents on the dollar."

"Not much," shouted Abie, "he is not that crazy."

---

A gentleman went into Mr. Goldstein's store to make a purchase and held in his hand a five-dollar gold piece. Little Abie was playing around the store, and when he saw the shiny coin he asked the gentleman to let him

take it in his hand. This the gentleman did and Abie promptly put it in his mouth and swallowed it. This brought a roar of remonstrance from the customer, who cried out, excitedly:

"Mr. Goldstein! Mr. Goldstein! your boy has swallowed my five-dollar gold piece!"

"Vell," snapped the merchant, "for vy you gif heem der golt. Abie ees not vun safins pank."

"That's all very well for you to claim, Mr. Goldstein; but I must have my money," insisted the customer.

"All right, den, Mister, I vill get der monish oudt ov Abie."

After pouring an emetic down the boy's throat, the father snatched him up and running into an adjoining room began to shake Abie vigorously.

Presently he returned, holding out in his open hand some silver coin which he tendered to the customer, saying: Here, mister, I haf recover for you two tollar, tirty cent; Abie haf digest der rest."

---

An old Hebrew who kept a little second-hand clothing shop, not knowing how to write, was in the habit of marking on his price tags little black dots with the point of a sharp soft, pencil, each dot representing one dollar.

One day he attached to a suit of clothes, which was hanging from a hook on a display rack in front of his store, a tag with two dots or specks on it, indicating that the price of the goods was two dollars.

Then he left the store and after an absence of twenty-four hours returned. Missing this particular suit from the hook, he called out to his clerk, when the following colloquy ensued:

"Abie, vare ish dot zoot ov clos?"

"Day vas zolt, Mr. Isaacs," replied Abie.

"Fer how mootch you get 'im, Abie?" queried the boss.

"Fourteen tollar, Mr. Isaacs," returned Abie carelessly.

"Fourteen tollar!" exclaimed the boss, his eyes dilating to the dimensions of butter chips, "dot ish not poshible. Led me see de tag, kervick."

Abie slid the tag off from a wire file and handed it to the boss, who gazed at it intently for a moment, and then raising his eyes heavenward, exclaimed: "Gott bless dot leetle fly."

---

A religious old lady had such an infatuation for St. Patrick that she had a marble statuette of the saint made by an eminent artist, and taking two large diamonds, which she wore as ear-drops, had the gems set to represent St. Patrick's eyes.

Shortly after she had taken St. Patrick to her home and assigned him to a place of honor on the drawing room mantle, she met with severe financial reverses, and gradually the pinch of poverty had depleted her home of all valuables, which one at a time found their way into the pawnshop—all save the statuette of St. Patrick.

But there came a day when the good saint was also obliged to seek shelter under the benign shadow of the three golden balls, much to the chagrin of the pious old lady.

A while later the wheel of fortune rolled around and the little ivory sphere rattled into a lucky slot for the devotee of St. Patrick. A wealthy relative died and a handsome legacy placed her in affluence once more.

Her first thought after coming into possession of her wealth was to rescue St. Patrick from the desecrating

atmosphere of the pawnshop, and forthwith she hastened to the tabernacle of the gilded spheres, paid the loan and heaved a long sigh of relief and satisfaction as Uncle Abraham placed upon the counter the statuette nicely tied up in paper.

Before departing with her prize the old lady seemed to feel intuitively that all might not be well with it, and to make sure she removed the paper covering. To her consternation she discovered that the diamond eyes of the saint had disappeared.

"When I brought St. Patrick here," she screamed, "he had diamond eyes and—"

"Yes, lady," soothingly whined the old 'shent per shent', "Ven you pring Zaint Batrick here he hat timond eyes; but, lady, Zaint Patrick vas zo zorry dat you pawn heem, dat he gried hees eyes oudt."

---

## IGNORANCE

A kind-hearted gentleman, who had a large family of children himself, adopted a deaf and dumb boy. All of his children learned to converse with the mute by means of the deaf and dumb alphabet. One day at the dinner table a young daughter spelled something with her fingers which the mute did not seem to understand, even after several attempts. Finally, the child became peeved at his failure to catch her meaning, and exclaimed, "how stupid he is."

"Well, Jenny," said her mother, "are you sure you spelled all the words correctly; you must remember that mutes have no idea of sound and depend entirely upon the exact arrangement of the letters in a word in order to recognize it. Now, what did you say to the boy?"



"Why, I told him that the meat was tough."

"And how did you spell *tough*?" asked the mother.

"*Tuff*, of course," said Jenny.

A few days after this a *nouveau riche* lady, who was breaking into society, called on Jenny's mother. In the course of conversation the latter related to her caller, as a good joke, the incident of Jenny's experience with the mute. She explained how the mute had failed to understand Jenny because she had spelled the word tough, *tuff*.

"Why," exclaimed Mrs. Gotrocks, laughing immoderately, "no wonder the poor mute couldn't understand her when she spelled tough with two f's."

---

At dinner Johnny passed his plate for turnip.

"Spell turnip, Johnny," said his pa, "and I'll give you some."

"T-u-r-n-o-p," shouted the boy.

"O, fy! my son, that is not right. Hear how papa spells it—t-u-r-n-u-p."

"Sakes alive!" ejaculated mama, from the head of the table, "I am ashamed of a man who cannot spell so ordinary a vegetable."

"Then spell it yourself, my dear."

"Why, t-u-r-n-e-p, of course," jerked out the lady with a sublime toss of her cap border—"words are usually spelled as they are pronounced."

"I say it is pronounced turn-op," shouted Johnny.

"It is pronounced turn-up," insisted papa.

"It is. pronounced turn-ep," urged mama, with an air of triumphant severity.

Finally, the superintendent of the local public school being appealed to, he loosened up with a broad and benignant smile of ineffable pity, and said:

"Friends, you are all wrong. The delicious and innocuous vegetable which seems to have occasioned so much dissention in your family is both spelled and pronounced t-u-r-n-y-p."

---

A lady at a tea party given in Washington asked a Congressman from a democratic New York district if he was fond of novels.

"Very fond of them, indeed," replied the statesman.

"Have you," continued the lady, "ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year'?"

"No, madam," exclaimed the startled Solon, "I haven't read that many in my whole lifetime."

---

A young lady at a ball was asked by a poetic enthusiast if she had seen Crabbe's "Tales?"

"Why, no," she replied, "I didn't know that crabs had tails."

"I beg your pardon, Miss, I should have said 'read Crabbe's Tales?' "

"Why, sir; I assure you I did not know that red crabs or any crabs at all had tails."

---

The following verdict was given and written by the foreman of a coroner's jury: "We are of A Pinion that the Decest met with her death from Violent Infirmation of the Arm, producest from Unoan Cauz."

---

A gentleman, one day, visiting a school at Edinburgh, had a book put into his hand for the purpose of examining a class. The word "inheritance" occurring in the verse,

the querist interrogated the youngsters as follows: "What is inheritance?"—"Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?"—"Something left by a father."—"What would you call it if left by a mother?"—"Matrimony."

---

A local mayor was presiding at the annual dinner of the town rowing club, and he rose to make his speech.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it gives me greater pleasure than I can express to preside on this occasion, though personally I am not an adept at aquatics on the water, such successes as I have achieved being always on terra cotta."

---

"Ma wants a package of dye and she wants a fashionable color," said the little girl to a druggist.

"A fashionable color!" echoed the pharmacist. "What does she want it for, eggs or clothes?"

"Well," replied the girl, "the doctor says ma has stomach trouble and ought to diet. And ma says if she has to dye it she might as well dye it a fashionable color."

---

There had been a fatal accident at the railway crossing in a town in Iowa, and the coroner, a pompous old chap, who magnified both his office and its incumbent, had impaneled a jury for the inquest.

There was only one witness of the accident, an illiterate Slav laborer who could understand no English. With him the coroner began to struggle.

"Can you speak English?" he asked.

The man shook his head.

"Can you speak German?"

Again the man shook his head.

"Can you speak Italian?"

The same response.

"Can you speak Russian? Can you speak Swedish?" were the next questions, to both of which the man signified in the negative.

"It's no use, gentlemen," said the coroner, turning to the jury. "We can't proceed with the case. I've spoken to this man in five different languages and can't make him understand me."

---

Senator Tabor, who was famous for his eccentricities, and whose name will long be remembered, if for nothing else, on account of the beautiful opera house erected by him in Denver, Colorado, went into that building one day while it was still in course of construction and criticised much of the decoration. Over one doorway was a bust of Shakespeare, with whose features the senator was totally unacquainted.

"Hullo!" said he to the man in charge, "who's that fellow? I don't know him."

"That," was the reply, "is Shakespeare."

"Shakespeare? Shakespeare?" muttered Mr. Tabor, "Shakespeare? I never heard of him. Pray, what did he do for Denver?"

"For Denver, why nothing, he——"

"Nothing! Then take him down! Take him down at once!"

---

## IRISH BULLS AND WITTICISMS

An Irishman was in a shipwreck, and after being tossed around in the sea for several hours was washed ashore and thrown up on the beach unconscious. He was

administered to by the people living hard by, who poured brandy down his throat and finally restored him to consciousness.

Slowly he opened one eye and then the other and yawned.

"Where am I?" said the Irishman.

"On the coast of Maine," said a bystander.

"Is there a government here?" asked Pat.

"There is," he was told.

"Then, I'm ag'in it," he shouted.

---

Said an Irish justice to a blustering prisoner on trial:  
"We want nothing from you, sir, but silence, and very little of that."

---

A lady declared that she never could see  
How the men could all smoke—"Why, it kills 'em,"  
said she.

"I don't know," said Pat—"there's my father—  
ain't slow—

Who smokes every day, and he's eighty, you know."  
"But, sir, if he never had used the vile weed,  
He might have been ninety—he might, sir, indeed."

---

An Irishman lately bought a family Bible, and taking it home, made his first entry in it thus:

"Patrick O'Donoghue—born September 20, 1869,  
aged twenty-three years."

---

"Mick," said a bricklayer to his laborer, "if you meet Patrick tell him to make haste, as we are waiting for him."—"Shure, an' I will," replied Mick; "but what will I tell him if I don't meet him?"

"I meant to have tould you of that hole," said an Irishman to his friend, who was walking with him in his garden, and tumbled into a pit full of water. "No matter," says Pat, blowing the mud and water out of his mouth, "I've found it."

---

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying: "That's my nag."—"Certainly, yer honor, I knew that, but I didn't know which one o' them was the other gintleman's."

---

Leader William S. Devery was sitting in the Four Corners Club one night, and during a lull in the political discussion the remarkable Fall weather was commented upon.

"Say, chief," said one of his henchmen, "don't you think them 'ere volcanoes in the West Indies have had somethin' to do with this 'ere queer weather?"

"Sure," replied Mr. Devery, gravely. "I think the funny weather we bin a havin' has bin caused by them volcanoes' semitic influences."

---

## JOURNALISTS

An American newspaper reporter who had been following the ragged revolutionary army of one of the South American republics, and gathering lurid copy for

his paper, one day sent out an uncensored story, in which he failed to extol, in the usual vivid and picturesque language, the valor of the general in command, thereby incurring the displeasure of that redoubtable son of Mars.

The general had the reporter placed under guard, preparatory to backing him up against a wall, and letting the daylight through his journalistic anatomy. But, through some carelessness on the part of his guards, the reporter made his escape and struck for the coast, where he found a United States warship and asked the commander for transportation home.

"Certainly," said the affable commander, "I shall be glad to see you safely home. Come aboard and bring your luggage along."

"Thank you very much," said the reporter, "I shall bring my luggage aboard at once—I have only fifty-four pieces."

"What!" exclaimed the amazed commander, "fifty-four pieces! Why, man alive, do you think my vessel is a freighter?"

"Oh, well, you needn't be alarmed, captain," purred the reporter, "my luggage consists only of a pair of socks and a pack of cards." 

---

An American journalist and an English tourist were traveling together in the same Pullman car on a road running through the state of Mississippi. At all the stations along the line where the train stopped there were congregated on the cotton platforms crowds of the blackest types of cotton-field negroes, all whooping and laughing and joshing one another in that peculiar country negro jargon which is unintelligible to ears unaccustomed to it.



"What kind of a race is that?" asked the Englishman.

"They are Indians," jestingly replied the newspaper man.

The Englishman having expressed some doubt as to the accuracy of his companion's statement, the latter proposed to prove to his satisfaction that those queer black people were Indians and that they spoke the Indian language.

"Now," said the newspaper man, "when we arrive at the next station you follow me out on to the platform and I will approach one of the Indians and ask him in his own language '*Where is he?*' " Accordingly, when the next station was reached the newspaper man rushed out on to the platform and, approaching a group of negroes, grabbed one of them by the arm and yelled in his ear:

"Whar he?—whar he?"

"Whar who?—whar, whar who?" bawled the black man.

"Now, then," said the newspaper man, "isn't that an Indian language?"

And the Englishman was constrained to admit that it was.

---

## LAWYERS, COURTS, AND WITNESSES

An old negro man appeared in court against another darkey who had struck him on top of the head with a heavy club. The complainant's head showed no evidence of damage; but he had his feet all swaddled in layer upon layer of gunny sacks.

"Did this prisoner strike you with a club?" asked the judge.

"He did, yoh hon'r—he done hit me right on top o' de haid."

"Well, you don't seem to show the effects of the blow," observed his honor.

"Well, jest look at dem feet, yoh hon'r," cried the darkey, pointing down to his swaddled pedal extremities.

"Why," said the judge, "you don't claim that he struck you on your feet?"

"No, yoh hon'r, he nebber struck me on de feet; but when he struck me on de top o' de haid I wahr standin' on a hard stone flo'."

---

A lawyer had been examining a very perverse and obstinate witness for some time, and finally asked him why he wanted to obtain a divorce from his wife.

"Because she drinks," answered the witness.

"And," inquired the lawyer, "don't you drink?"

"That's my business," snapped the witness peevishly.

"Well, have you no other business?" continued the lawyer blandly.

---

A sheriff in Alabama who had the reputation of knowing and keeping tab on all the crooks and disreputables in the county, was sitting in the court room at the county seat one day while the trial of a negro charged with stealing chickens was in progress.

"Is there any one in this room," asked the judge, "who can vouch for your good character?"

"Dar sho' is, jedge, dat gem'mun thar kin," said the negro, pointing to the sheriff.

"Why, your honor," declared the astonished sheriff, "I don't even know the man."

"Thar, now," cried the prisoner, triumphantly, "I'se done lib in dis hyar county foh ten years and Mister Sheriff don't even knows me yit. Hain't dat crac'ter 'nuff?"

---

A young Filipino law student, who was very proud of his English-speaking ability, witnessed an accidental collision between two automobiles loaded with joy riders.

The student inquired from one of the ladies the cause of the accident.

"I was fast asleep when we collided," replied the lady, "and really have no knowledge of the cause of the occurrence."

"Well then, madam, if you were asleep you, at least, can prove a lullaby if any litigation should follow."

---

A rustic justice in a small Arkansas town, where ministers of the gospel, physicians, and druggists were exempt from jury duty, found himself short a jurymen one day, and sent his clerk out to call a certain man who conducted a drug store in the vicinity of the court room.

The clerk called on the druggist, who refused to appear in court, stating that being a licensed pharmacist he was exempt from jury duty. The clerk returned and reported to the court what the druggist had said.

"Did he say he was a pharmacist?" asked the justice testily.

"He did, your honor," asserted the clerk.

"Well, you go right away and bring that fellow before me. He's a pesky liar; he's no pharmacist at all. He's an American, born right here in this county; I know his father well."

A lawyer having a very difficult case to plead, the verdict was rendered against his client.

After court adjourned one of the witnesses said to him:

"Mr. Blank, had I imagined we were going to lose the case I would have made my testimony much stronger than I did."

"It's of no consequence," said the lawyer, "the jury didn't believe you anyway."

---

A supernumerary crier of an Irish court, who was serving in place of an invalid, in trying to clear the court room of an undesirable crowd, yelled out in stentorian voice:

"All ye blackguards that isn't lawyers lave the pres-  
ence of the coort at wance, or I'll make ye, be the holy!"

---

A lawyer, noted for his exaggerated ego, was once having his head measured in a hat store for a new tile. The hatter remarked: "Why, how long your head is, sir."

"Yes," replied the lawyer pompously, "we lawyers must have long heads."

"And it's as thick as it is long," continued the hatter, as he finished the measurement.

---

A lawyer who was sometimes forgetful, having been engaged to plead the cause of an offender, began by saying:

"I know the prisoner at the bar and he bears the reputation of being a most consummate and impudent scoundrel."

Here somebody whispered to him that the prisoner was his own client, when he immediately continued, "But what great and good man ever lived who was not calumniated by many of his contemporaries."

---

A lawyer once came into court drunk, when the judge said to him:

"Sir, I am sorry to see you in a condition which is a disgrace to yourself and family and the profession to which you belong."

"Did your honor address me?" hiccoughed the inebriated attorney.

"I did, sir. I said, sir, it is my opinion that you have disgraced yourself, your family, and your profession."

"May i-i-it please your honor, I have been an attorney in this c-c-court for ten years and this is the first correct opinion I have ever known you to give."

---

"Did you present your account to the defendant?" asked a lawyer of his client.

"I did, sir?"

"And what did he say?"

"He told me to go to the devil."

"And what did you do then?"

"Why, then, I came to you."

---

A witness in court, being asked his occupation, replied that he was a shoemaker and also kept a wine shop.

"Mr. Stenographer," suggested the examining attorney, "you may enter this witness as a sherry cobbler."

---

An Irish witness in court being asked what he knew about the case being tried, gave the following lucid evi-

dence, as he undertook to relate a conversation which had taken place between himself and the defendant:

"Pat!" said he; "What!" said I; "Here," said he; "Where?" said I; "It's cold!" said he; "Faith it is!" said I; "Oho!" said he; "Ah!" said I; "The devil!" said he. "And that's all he towld me."

---

On one occasion, in a Boston court, a judge called out for the crier to open court.

"May it please your honor," announced an attendant, "the crier cannot cry to-day because his wife is dead."

---

"May it please the court," said a Yankee lawyer to a Dutch justice before whom he was trying a case, "this is a case of great importance. While the American eagle, whose sleepless eye watches over the welfare of this mighty republic, and whose wings extend from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Chain of the West, was rejoicing in his pride of place——"

"Shtop dare! I say vat hass dis suit to do mit de eagles? Dis suit hass nutin' to do mit de vild bird. It vas vun sheep," exclaimed the judge.

"True, your honor, but my client has rights and——"

"Your gliant hass no right to de eagle."

"Of course not, but the laws of language——"

"Vat I care for de laws ove language, eh? I oonder-shtant de laws ove de shtate und dot ish enough for me. Talk aboutt de case alretty."

"Well, then, your honor, my client is charged with stealing a sheep and——"

"Dat vill do! Dat vill do! Ten tollars fine, und der court vill adjourn."

"May it please your honor," said a lawyer, addressing one of the city judges, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a habeus corpus."

"What liars these lawyers are," said a loungeer in the back of the court room, "I saw the man get out of a taxi at the court house door."

---

"How do you know that the defendant was intoxicated on the evening referred to?" asked a county court judge of the witness on the stand.

"Because," answered the witness, "I saw him a few minutes after supper trying to pull his trousers off with a boot-jack."

"Verdict for the plaintiff," grunted the court.

---

A New York lawyer was retained to defend a man for an alleged assault and battery committed in the state of New Jersey.

The judge was a Dutchman and the following colloquy ensued:

"I appear for the defendant," said the New York lawyer.

"You abeers for der brisner, do you; und who den be you?" asked the justice, eyeing the lawyer from head to toe with curiosity. "I doan' know you, und vare be you coom from, und vot ish your name?"

The attorney modestly gave his name and said, "I am a member of the New York bar."

"Vell, den, you gant bractis in dis gort," replied the justice.

"I am a counselor of the Supreme Court of the State of New York," urged the lawyer.



"Dot makes nut'ing tifferent," said the obstinate justice.

"Well, then," said the baffled lawyer, "suppose I show your honor that I am a counselor of the Supreme Court of the United States."

"It doan make a pit better, you ain't a counselor von the State ove New Jersey, und you gant bractis in dis gort!" shouted the justice with an air of finality.

This decision accounts for the fact that the State of New Jersey is not considered one of the United States.

---

Asked a lawyer of a witness on the stand:

"Do you know the prisoner, Mr. Jones?"

"Yes, to the bone."

"What is his character?"

"Didn't know he had any."

"Does he live near you?"

"So near that he hasn't bought a chicken in five years."

---

A country justice, thinking he would have some sport at the expense of a quaint old farmer, said to him:

"I suppose, Silas, you have a conscience quite as long as your whiskers?"

"Wall, yer onner, said the old man dryly, "ef ye measures by whiskers, I reckon ye hain't got no conshuns yersel'."

---

"Suppose," said the lawyer who was cross-examining a witness in a suit for damages by accident, and who wanted the reluctant witness to define the words "fortunate accident"—"suppose that a man fell from a

tenth-story window and was unhurt; what would you call that?"

"I would call that luck."

"Then suppose," continued the lawyer, "that the man went back to the tenth story and fell out again without being hurt; what would you call that?"

"I would call that a coincidence."

"But," persisted the questioner, "suppose the man again went back to the tenth story and again fell out without injury; what would you call that?"

"Well," replied the witness, after meditation, "I would call that a habit."

We are unable to say whether the hurried departure to Europe of Mr. J. P. Morgan a very few hours after it was reported that the Thompson Committee would need his testimony in the matter of the \$2,000,000 interborough slush fund was luck or a coincidence or a habit.

---

At a dinner given by a religious old lady the subject of discourse happened to be that of the extraordinary mortality among the lawyers. "We have lost," said a gentleman, "no less than six eminent barristers in as many months." The lady, who was quite deaf, rose as her friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace: "For this, and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised."

---

A client burst into tears after he had heard the statement of his counsel, exclaiming: "I did not think I suffered half so much until I heard it this day."

---

Two lawyers were quarrelling so violently that from words they came to blows. One, the more powerful man,

knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence: "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which the other rising, answered with equal indignation: "No, sir, never; I defy you! I defy you! you can't do it."

---

A gentleman asked his legal adviser how he could punish a servant who had stolen a canister of valuable snuff. "I am not aware of any act," said the lawyer, "that makes it penal to take snuff."

---

An Irish lawyer once addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately arose to apologize thus:

"May it please the court, in the heat of debate I called yer honors gentlemen. I made a mistake, yer honors." The gentlemen sat down, and we hope the court was satisfied.

---

A Dutchman was summoned in court to identify a stolen hog. On being asked by the lawyer if the hog had any earmarks, he replied:

"De only ear-marks dat I saw vas his tail vas cut off."

---

A young lawyer was asked by a judge whether, in the transmigration of souls, he would prefer being turned into a horse or an ass?

"An ass," quickly replied the lawyer.

"Why?" asked the judge.

"Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but never a horse."

A young Indiana lawyer trying a case of replevin, involving a right of property to a lot of hogs, said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, there were just twenty-four hogs in that drove; just twenty-four, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as are in that jury box."

---

During the examination of a witness as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him: "Which way did the stairs run?" The witness replied that "one way they ran up stairs, but the other way they ran down stairs."

---

An Irishman being asked in a late trial for a certificate of his marriage, bared his head and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire shovel. The evidence was satisfactory.

---

A witness in a court who had been cautioned to give a precise answer to every question, and not to talk about what he might think the question meant, was interrogated as follows: "You drive a wagon?"—"No, sir, I do not."—"Why, man, did you not tell my learned friend so this moment?"—"No, sir, I did not."—"Now, sir, I put it to you on your oath, do you not drive a wagon?"—"No, sir."—"What is your occupation, then?"—"I drive a horse, sir."

---

A humorous fellow being subpœnaed as a witness on a trial for an assault, one of the counsel, who was notorious for brow-beating witnesses, asked him what distance he was from the parties when the assault happened; he answered:

"Just thirteen feet eleven inches and a half."

"How came you to be so exact?" said the counsel.

"Because I expected some fool or other would ask me," said he, "and I just measured it."

---

Uncle Eph. was brought before a country squire for stealing a hog, and three witnesses being examined, swore that they saw him steal it. A shrewd lawyer having volunteered as counsel for the old man, knowing the scope of the squire's brain, arose and addressed him as follows:

"May it please your honor, I can establish this man's honesty beyond the shadow of a doubt; for I have twelve witnesses ready to swear that they did not see him steal it. The squire rested his head for a few moments upon his hand, as if in deep thought, and then with great dignity arose, and brushing back his hair, said:

"If there are twelve who did not see him steal it, and only three that did, I discharge the prisoner."

---

A number of lawyers were dining together one day when an old Hoosier came into the tavern and said he would like to have dinner. The landlord told him he should dine when the gentlemen were done eating.

"Let him dine with us," whispered one of the lawyers, "and we shall have some fun with him."

The Hoosier took his seat at the table.

"You were born in this country?" said one.

"Yes, sir; I was born in Indianny."

"Is your father living?"

"No, sir; he is dead."

"What was his occupation?"

"Trading horses."

"Did your father ever cheat any one while here?"

"I suppose he did cheat many, sir."

"Where do you suppose he went to?"

"To heaven, sir."

"Has he cheated any one there?"

"He has cheated one, I believe."

"Why did he not prosecute him?"

"Because he searched the kingdom of heaven and couldn't find a lawyer." —

A learned counsel deemed it necessary to shake the testimony of a Mr. Butterworth by impugning his veracity. A witness being called to the stand, the lawyer commenced:

"Do you know Mr. Butterworth?"

"Yes."

"What is Butterworth?"

"Butter worth—let me see—about forty cents a pound, sir." —

A young member of the bar thought he would adopt a motto for himself, and, after much reflection, wrote in large letters and posted up against the wall the following:

"*Suum cuique*," which may be translated, "let every one have his own."

A country client coming in, expressed himself much gratified with the maxim, but added:

"You don't spell it right."

"Indeed! Then how ought it to be spelt?"

The visitor replied: "Sue'em quick." —

A Western pettifogger once broke forth in the following indignant strain:

"Sir, we're enough for ye, the hull of ye. Me and my client can never be intimidated nor tyrannized over; mark that! And, sir, just so sure as this court decides against us, we'll file a writ of progander, sir, and we—"

Here he was interrupted by the opposite counsel, who wanted to know what he meant by a "writ of progander."

"Mean? Why, sir, a writ of progander is a—a—a—it's a—wal, I don't just remember the exact word, but it's what'll knock thunder out of your one-horse court, anyhow."

---

Mr. Leach  
Made a speech,  
Angry, neat, but wrong;

Mr. Hart,  
On the other part,  
Was heavy, dull, and long;

Mr. Parker,  
Made the case darker,  
Which was dark enough without;

Mr. Cook  
Cited the book,  
And His Honor said, "I doubt."

---

One very self-asserting lawyer was expatiating on the superiority of the Latin over the English language, and cited as an instance the fact that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative could do. "Then your father and mother," retorted a bystander, "must have been themselves two negatives to have introduced such a positive fellow as you are."



A Swede was being examined in a case in a Minnesota town where the defendant was accused of breaking a plate-glass window with a large stone. He was pressed to tell how big the stone was, but he could not explain.

"Was it as big as my fist?" asked the nervous judge, who had taken over the examination from the lawyers, in the hope of getting some results.

"It ban bigger," the Swede replied.

"Was it as big as my two fists?"

"It ban bigger."

"Was it as big as my head?"

"It ban about as long, but not so thick," replied the Swede, amid the laughter of the court.

---

A representative of Mississippi tells this story:

"Are you the defendant?" asked a man in the courtroom, speaking to an old negro.

"No, boss," was the reply, "I ain't done nothing to be called names. I'se got a lawyer here who does the defending."

"Then who are you?"

"I'se the gen'l'man what stole the chickens."

---

## LUNATICS

An officer was in a street car in New York, taking a man, who had acted very strangely, to the psychiatric department of Bellevue Hospital for observation. When the conductor came along to collect his fares the suspected lunatic asked him:

"What do you do for a living?"

"I am conductor of this car, and work for a street car corporation."

"How many hours a day do you work?" inquired the suspect.

"Oh, about sixteen," replied the conductor.

"And how much pay do you get?"

"Oh, I average about \$60 a month."

"Any family?" continued the deranged one.

"Yes," answered the bell puncher, "a wife and ten children."

"Mr. Officer," said the lunatic turning to his custodian, "don't you think we had better take this man along with us?"

---

## MATRIMONY

A woman who was habitually given to nagging her good-natured husband and was continually boasting of her love for animals, especially dogs, was, inconsistent as it may appear, very severe in her criticism of other women who did not condone every little shortcoming of their husbands.

"I wouldn't treat a dog that way," she was often heard to remark.

One morning she was unusually tantalizing, and sent her husband off to his business in anything but a pleasant mood.

Returning the same evening from a visit to a friend in the neighborhood, she heard furious barking and threatening growls which seemed to proceed from her bedroom closet. Wondering how a dog could have become secreted in her boudoir closet, she pulled open the door when a formidable looking creature sprang out snarling and snapping. It was her henpecked lesser half, on hands and knees, and arrayed in a gaudy red dog collar with a brand new brass license tag dangling from it.

A lady visited a trance medium and asked to have her late husband summoned from the other world for a short conversation.

When the shade of her departed lesser half reported for the interview, the following colloquy took place:

WIDOW: "Is that you, John, dear?"

SPIRIT: "Indeed it is, dearest."

WIDOW: "And, John, dear, are you happy?"

SPIRIT: "Far from it."

WIDOW: "And where are you, John?"

SPIRIT: "In hell!"

WIDOW: "Oh, my poor John! Would you not love to come back, John, to this earth again, and join your dear little wife?"

[Bang—bang—bang—Rap—rap—rap. Table upsets.]

SPIRIT: "Not on your tin-type."

---

A young lady, who was in love with a young man of whom her father did not approve because of his seeming lack of worldly goods, resorted to a very subtle artifice to win her father over and obtain his consent to the marriage.

She sent for her lover, and taking him into a room adjoining that in which her father was seated, said to the young aspirant for her hand:

"John, have you any property at all?"

"No," replied John.

"Well, then," said the girl, "would you allow any one to cut off your nose if you were offered twenty thousand dollars for it?"

"Not for all the world," protested John.

"'Tis well," said the girl as she sought the presence of her austere parent.

"Father," she said, "I have satisfied myself as to John's circumstances. He has, indeed, no ready money; but he has a jewel for which, to my certain knowledge, he has refused twenty thousand dollars."

This induced the old gentleman to give his consent to the marriage.

---

"I can't see why, because a woman marries a man, she should take his name," remarked a lady.

"Just so. The poor fellow ought to be allowed to keep something he could call his own!" replied her lesser half.

---

Aunt Hannah was a colored cook. One morning on going into the kitchen the mistress noticed that Hannah looked as if she had been tangled up with a road roller.

"Why, Hannah!" exclaimed she. "What in the world has happened to you?"

"Was me husban'," explained Hannah. "He done went an' beat me ag'in, an' jes' fo' nothin' too!"

"Again!" cried the mistress, with increasing wonder. "Is he in the habit of beating you? Why don't you have him arrested?"

"Been thinkin' ob it several times, missy," was the rejoinder, "but I hain't nebah had no money to pay his fine."

---

"Well, it takes two to make a quarrel, so I'll shut up," said a peace-loving husband.

"That's just like a contemptible man. You'll sit there and think mean things," whimpered his better half.

---

A minister addressing a young English couple about to be married, said:

"The marriage state imposes various duties. The husband must protect his wife, while the wife must follow the husband whithersoever he goes."

"Lor', sir," cried the bride, "can't that be altered in our case? My man is going to the trenches to-morrow morning."

---

She was one of those little women who are always looking for something that will take up their husbands' idle time.

"John," she said, "I wish you would mend the front door lock."

"C-can't!" replied John, quaking like an aspen leaf. "I've g-got t-the s-shaking ague."

"Oh, well, then, I know the very thing; you can sift the ashes."

---

"You are convicted of bigamy," remarked the Judge, impressively, while the prisoner glanced over his shoulder at three stern-visaged women. "Now," continued the Court, "I intend to give you the severest penalty the law allows." Here the prisoner covered his face with his hands and wept. "I shall sentence you to prison for two years. What are you grinning at?"

"I thought," smiled the prisoner through his tears, "you were a-going to let me go."

---

## MUSIC

An amateur musician who passed most all of his time blowing hideous noises out of an old battered trombone was asked if he ever expected to reach heaven.

"I may," said the disturber, coughing softly, "but I doubt if any of my neighbors ever will."

## NEGROES

An old negro applied for work on a farm, and when the farmer signified his willingness to give him a job, he asked what wages he would be paid.

"I'll pay you just what you are worth," said the farmer.

"Kain't wuk fer dat, boss; I'se no cheap nigger," replied the old fellow. —

One night, while a congregation of colored Baptists were holding services, a ball was under full way in a loft above the meeting house.

The floor of the loft was in an advanced stage of decay, and suddenly a mighty crash resounded throughout the building as the well-rounded nether limb of a stout colored lady protruded itself through the ceiling.

Looking up quickly, and observing her awkward predicament, the preacher cried out in stentorian tones: "De fust nigger wot looks up at de roof ob dis hyah house ob de Lawd shell be struck bline."

Instantly all eyes were cast downward, save one unholy wretch, who covering one of his eyes with his open hand, and looking upward with the other, exclaimed, "Well, I'll go one eye on it anyhow." —

"Aunt Mandy," asked little Johnny, of the old black mammy, "the Bible says that the Lord gave Moses two tablets. What do you suppose the Lord did that for?"

"Ah, doan know, honey, onless it war cose Mose done hab deespipsy." —

The following pathetic story is attributed to a distinguished statesman of Georgia:

An old negro, who was born on the plantation of the Georgian's father, and who answered to the euphonious cognomen of "Uncle Rufus," insisted upon remaining on the plantation after the emancipation act had been proclaimed, and when the statesman's father died he found himself, as heir, in possession not only of the property, but also of Uncle Rufe, who had become more and more worthless as the years rolled by; but stuck like a porous plaster to his old home, despite innumerable invitations to vamose.

One day, when Uncle Rufus had been found guilty of some outrageous neglect of duty, and the owner's patience had been about worn to a frazzle, he called him into his library and said:

"See, here, Uncle Rufe, you are becoming every day more and more an intolerable nuisance and a positive detriment to my interests. You are a hopelessly incorrigible old faker and a shirk, and I have finally and irrevocably determined that we must part right now and forever."

All during this outburst of indignation and resentment, provoked by the old negroe's utter good-for-nothingness, Uncle Rufe stood passively listening, twirling his dilapidated straw hat in his hands, until the master had exhausted his ire and was at the end of his vocabulary. Then the old man burst into tears, and between sobs said:

"Oh, Marse Henry, I'se heart broke dat we's got to part; but 'fore I packs yoh grip, won't yuh please tole me whar yuh is gwine?"

---

Upon being asked by a friend if the white folks in his neighborhood kept any chickens, Br'er Rastus said that they managed to keep a few. A short time after this



Br'er Rastus was sent to jail for making these few still fewer. One day a white gentleman came along, and thinking to console Br'er Rastus' 'ole woman,' said:

"Why, Aunt Tilly, I'm very sorry Uncle Rastus was sent to jail; I'm quite sure he didn't steal any chickens."

"Dat's true, dat's true 'foh Gawd, Marse Johnson; my 'ole man' nebber tuk dem chickens. Why, Marse Johnson, Rastus wouldn't demange hisse'f by robbin' other folks' hen-roosts—and any way dem ole chickins warn't no good nohow—dey was all feathers when we picked 'em."

---

An old colored preacher of Alabama, who was noted for his verbosity and the possession of an extensive vocabulary of big words which he did not understand himself, and which he introduced into his sermons upon every possible occasion, made the following announcement from his pulpit one Sunday before proceeding to his sermon:

"Look hyar, niggers, I wants yuh to pay strick 'tention to what I'se gwine to 'nounce. Next Sunday—dat is jist seven days from dis day at foh 'clock in de arternoon—dar will be a mos importunate celebrashum in dis hyar congregashum and I wants all yuh niggers to be on han' to witness de holy doin's; foh I'se gwine foh to baptise nine aduults and fohteen aduultresses."

---

An elderly negro had been run over by a wagon, and an attorney had rushed to the hospital to get the case. The sufferer looked at him coldly and said: "Go 'way fum me, white man."

"But I want to help you," persisted the lawyer.

The old darky showed a gleam of interest. "Does

yo'?" he asked. The lawyer volubly assured him that such was the case.

"Den," said the victim, "yo' go out an' fin' dat man dat run ober me, an' bus' his haid open."

---

"Is dat dah Sassafras Simpson took a wife yit, Rastus?"

"Reckon he hain't, Bre'r Higgins. He's workin'."

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## PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

A certain religious physician was choir leader in the church of a small village.

One Sunday the hymn given out began as follows: "With hyssop purge thy servant, Lord." The doctor pitched the tune and led off, but broke down before he had finished the line. He tried several times with the same result, when finally an old sister rose in her pew and looking upward to the choir, cried out:

"Try some other herb, doctor."

---

Amongst many bright and pithy definitions of life's varied phases and human emotions, gleaned in conversations between the author of this work and noted celebrities, are the following few cited from impromptu observations of the distinguished specialist, Dr. Joseph D. Weighart, of New York City:

**HOPE:** A sentiment in the wag of a dog's tail when waiting for a bone.

**THE MOST CURIOUS PHENOMENON:** A woman who is not curious.

FASHION: Dinner at midnight and a headache next morning.

WIT: That peculiar style of talk that leads to black eyes and bloody noses.

IDLENESS: Working yellow mountains on pink sub-soil; or a blue-tailed dog in sky-colored convulsions.

CONSCIENCE: Sensations of the guilty man when he sees a hearse's black plumes nodding in the breezes.

PRAISE: That which we must die to have given us.

A HARMLESS DEATH: Drowning in tears.

GENTILITY: Eating meat with a silver fork, neither being paid for.

GENTLEMAN: One who has no business in this world.

A HEALTHY MIND: One that minds its own business.

---

A doctor owned a very balky horse and one that would not cross a stream; so to get rid of him and yet neither to make any false statement nor betray the failings of the animal, he inserted the following advertisement in his local paper:

"To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

---

A very rich but parsimonious old man was walking through the principal thoroughfare of the city on one occasion when he met a celebrated physician, and not feeling well he concluded to take advantage of this chance meeting to obtain from the doctor some free medical advice. With this cunning design in view he addressed the doctor thus:

"Doctor, I am not feeling at all well to-day; what would you recommend that I should do?"

Knowing the man's reputation for niggardly methods, the doctor said: "Put out your tongue and shut your eyes tight, and I will diagnose your case and tell you in a few minutes just what ails you and what you need."

The man did what he was told, and waited patiently for some little time, expecting every moment to be told by the doctor to open his eyes.

Hearing a great deal of commotion and derisive laughter around him, he opened his eyes only to find the physician gone and himself in the center of a great crowd of bantering people.

---

A young lawyer, and a particular favorite of the presiding Judge before whom a case was being tried, was exhibiting to the jury a bullet which had been taken from the body of his client, for whom he was making a plea of self-defense, in a case of manslaughter.

In his right hand he held the bullet, while in his left hand he held several cough drops, one of which he was taking from time to time to remove a huskiness in his voice.

In the excitement of his argument before the jury, instead of a cough drop, he hastily put the bullet in his mouth and swallowed it.

The presiding Judge immediately became very much concerned for the safety of his young friend, and snatching the desk telephone, called up a well-known physician in the vicinity, who was at times something of a wag, and the following conversation ensued:

JUDGE: "Is this Dr. Blank?"

DR. BLANK: "Yes."

JUDGE: "Well, doctor, I am very much alarmed on account of my young friend, Mr. Blinks, who has just

swallowed a bullet while addressing the jury in my court. What shall be done about it?"

DR. BLANK: "Nothing serious, your honor; just give him some powder, and put a cap on him; but be sure not to point him at the jury."

---

A physician, who was a guest at a house party, strolled out before dinner into the church-yard. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not having returned, some of the company were expressing their surprise as to where he could have gone.

"Oh," said one of the guests, "he has just stepped out to pay a visit to some of his old patients."

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## POLICE

A New York police instructor was examining a class of candidates for admission into the ranks of "the finest in the world," and the following question was propounded:

"What is the difference between a disturbance and a commotion?"

All the class, with varying degrees of accuracy, answered the question in turn, except a young Corkonian, not long in this country.

"Well, Moriarity, I haven't heard from you yet. Now tell me the difference between a disturbance and a commotion," said the instructor.

"Well," replied Moriarity, after pondering a few moments and scratching his head, "I take it thot a dishturbance is whin a man stales a basket of eggs; and a commotion is whin he has t'rown 'em into an ilictric fan."

An Irishman once, contrary to the law, had bought a quart of beer on a Sunday, and thinking to escape the vigilance of the policeman on the beat, concealed the container and beer under his coat, where it made quite a protuberance in front.

As he passed the officer, whom he regarded with a furtive glance, the latter stopped him, and tapping the protuberance gently with his club, asked:

"And, sure, Moike, what's it ye have there—a tumor?"

"Naw," quickly replied Mike, "sure, it's a can, sir (cancer)."

---

A Washington policeman returned from a visit to New York where he had been studying traffic congestion around Forty-second street and Broadway. He said afterward he noticed that a great many ladies do not adopt the modish ankle watch, although he saw lots of ankles which would bear watching.

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## POLITENESS AND PATIENCE

The most extraordinary instance of patience on record, in modern times, is that of an Illinois judge, who listened silently for two days while a couple of wordy attorneys contended about the construction of an act of the legislature, and then ended the controversy by quietly remarking: "Gentlemen, the law is repealed."

---

There was a gentleman in Newport so polite that every time he passed a setting hen he raised his hat and said, apologetically:

"Don't rise, madam."

One day he tumbled down stairs, and rising, with much gravity and earnestness, begged his own pardon.

An old farmer said to his sons: "Boys, don't you ever speckerlate, or wait for suthin' to turn up. You might just as well go and sit down on a stone in the middle of the medder, with a pail atwixt your legs, and wait for a cow to back up to you to be milked."

---

Col. Ed. Green, son of the wealthy Mrs. Hetty Green, was sitting in his private office in Dallas, Texas, one sultry afternoon, when the door flew open and in rushed his office boy, Johnny, his cap perched away back on his head and his tousled forelocks hanging down over his eyes.

"Mr. Green," shouted the boy, in a tone not as heavily laden with that deference which one would expect from an office boy when addressing his employer; "Mr. Green, kin I go to the ball game this afternoon?"

"Why Johnnie," gasped the magnate, almost losing his breath with amazement, "that is no way for a boy to burst into his employer's private office, with his cap on and shouting at the top of his voice. Now, Johnnie, just take my seat and we'll suppose you to be the employer and me to be the office boy, and I'll show you how a well-bred and respectful boy should act."

Mr. Green then took Johnnie's cap and left the room, closing the door behind him. Johnnie seated himself in the magnate's swivel chair, stuck in the side of his mouth Mr. Green's unfinished cigar, and calmly awaited further developments.

Presently there was a gentle rap at the door.

"Come in," shouted Johnnie. The door opened and Mr. Green entered, Johnnie's cap in his hand, and very noiselessly glided on tip toe toward the desk where he



stopped, his head slightly inclined downward in a most respectful attitude.

"Mr. Green," he said, "will you be so kind as to permit me to attend the ball game this afternoon?"

The boy, with a broad grin on his freckled face, looked at Mr. Green and said:

"Why certainly, Johnnie, you can go to the ball game and here's a dollar for you to spend and have a good time with."

It has been whispered around Dallas, that since this episode, the prospective heir to Mrs. Hetty Green's millions has sidestepped all attempts at educating office boys in the etiquette of modern business life.

---

The sublimation of gallantry may be evidenced in the following incident:

A lady was walking down the street on a very wet and windy day. She was holding her umbrella open in front of her in such manner as to obstruct her view ahead. A gentleman without an umbrella was approaching her from the opposite direction, and holding his head somewhat bent downward to avert the heavy rain that was driving in his face. He did not notice the lady until the ferrule of her umbrella had poked out his right eye.

When the lady looked at the gentleman and saw his eye hanging out on his cheek at the end of a slender ligament, she was horrified, and exclaimed excitedly:

"Oh, sir, I am so distressed that I should have poked your eye out!"

Smilingly raising his hat and bowing profoundly, the gentleman replied assuringly: "Don't mention it, my dear madam, I have another eye."

A farmer who had been very much bothered by tramps told his young son to train a bull terrier to jump at a "dummy" and cling to it.

One day the farmer in very shabby and tattered working attire entered the barn where the boy was training the dog. He was hardly inside the door when the terrier sprang at him, burying his teeth in the folds of his baggy trousers behind, including a good chunk of his anatomy in that region.

The farmer yelled with pain while the boy looked on with evident pride and satisfaction.

"Stand it, Dad," cried the boy encouragingly, "it'll be the making of the dog."

"I can't stand it," bawled the man, dancing around with the dog hanging from his rear end.

"Oh, yes, you can, Dad—just be patient—think of what Job stood for!"

"To h—ll with Job," shouted the farmer, "he never had a pound of his flesh between a dog's teeth."

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## PUBLIC MEN

A companion of the youngest Roosevelt boy asked him one day how it was that his father always seemed to monopolize the spot-light at whatever function he happened to attend.

"Oh," said the embryonic Rough Rider, "wherever father goes he wants to be IT. When he attends a wedding, he wants to be the bride; and when he goes to a funeral, he wants to be the corpse."

---

In a congressional debate, relating to the conservation of our natural resources, a certain patriotic and

altruistic member made a most eloquent and impassioned speech, urging the adoption of some efficacious measures for the conservation of our vast undeveloped wealth, and contending that it was a sacred duty which we owed to posterity.

"Mr. Chairman," said his opponent, a member from the "wild and wooly West," "what the gentleman from Massachusetts has emphasized before this House in such brilliant tones of flashing kaleidoscopic altruism may be advisable, beyond all question, when considered in the light of theoretical dialectics; but when viewed from the angle of cold, hard-baked and corn-fed fact, the momentous question that assails the intellectual faculties of this distinguished body, and fastens its talons deep into the most inept understanding is:

"What has posterity ever done for us?"

---

A story is told of a certain United States Senator, who having occasion to build a residence, gave the contract to a very excellent but illiterate Yankee carpenter, who lived in the senator's home town.

"Say, Hank," inquired the senator, "do you know how to make a Venetian blind?"

Hank was manifestly puzzled, but after a little cogitation he ventured: "I guess, sir, there be two pretty sure ways: One is to poke his eyes out and t'other is t' send him to th' United States Senate."

---

A well-known kerosene magnate, whose pate, in a certain glint of light, might be mistaken for an ostrich egg, sent for a strange barber one day while traveling.

"Barber," said the Croesus, "how much will you charge to cut my hair?"

Closely scrutinizing the shiny dome, and finally locating two rampant hairs about four inches apart from one another, the barber whispered in the magnate's ear:

"Which one, sir?"

---

One night as a representative from Tennessee was peacefully sawing gourds in bed, a great racket was heard down in the basement.

"Wake up quick, Gus," whispered his wife; "there are robbers in the house."

"Robbers in the house?" he cried, starting up out of his sound sleep; "impossible, Sarah, there are no robbers in the House; they're all in the Senate."

This same Congressman, on one occasion, was invited by the teacher in a rural public school to probe into the erudition of her class of hopefuls and see how well the scholars had been instructed in the mysterious intricacies of government.

"Who makes our federal laws?" asked the solon.

"Congress," the children all replied in concert.

"How is Congress divided?" was the next question, when a little hand flew up, and a voice piped out, "I know, sir."

"All right, if you know, my little girl, tell us," said the statesman.

"It is divided," replied the little miss, "into 'civilized half-civilized and savage.' "

---

A Congressman, a well-meaning and enthusiastic patron of science, was endeavoring to interest a sufficient number of his colleagues in the scientific experiments of a certain constituent, with a view to securing

enough capital to enable the experimenter to proceed with his work.

"Why," argued the solon, "my friend is just on the verge of perfecting an apparatus by means of which a universal solvent may be extracted in large quantities from the very commonest kind of waste material."

"A universal solvent," whispered one of his listeners, awed by the immensity of the proposition.

"Yes, sir, a solvent that will dissolve anything that is dropped into it—iron, lead, glass, gold—anything in fact."

One colleague who had been listening intently all the while shook his head dubiously, and asked:

"Do you mean to say that this extraordinary solution will dissolve everything?"

"Yes, sir; everything—every material substance of which this world and the whole universe is composed," asseverated the patron of science.

"Then," dryly asked the doubting one, "in what sort of a vessel will this universal solvent be contained?"

It is hardly necessary to add that the project was forthwith abandoned.

---

Mark Twain listened intently to a long speech delivered in Washington by a distinguished Senator, and meeting the statesman a few days later, twitted him for having plagiarized his address to the Senate on that occasion.

"Why, Senator," declared the humorist, "I have a very old book in my library which contains every word of that speech."

"I insist, sir, that my speech was entirely original. I would not stoop to so contemptible a thing as deliberate

plagiarism, sir, and I defy you to produce the book you have mentioned."

The following day Twain sent the statesman an old copy of Webster's dictionary.

---

During a debate in Congress concerning the advisability of equipping a lake in the National Park of California with gondolas of the Venetian type, it was proposed that an appropriation be made sufficient to provide fifty gondolas.

A very bright and able Congressman from New York; but one whose early education had not been of the amplest nature, took the position that to supply fifty gondolas for any such purpose was an extravagance to which he was most strenuously opposed.

"Why, Mr. Chairman," he asked, "why, should we, a democratic and economical administration, involve the people of this nation in such useless and ruinous items of expense? Why should this ridiculous extravagance be sanctioned? Fifty gondolas, indeed!

"Why can we not provide for the lake in the National Park two gondolas—a male and a female, and raise the other forty-eight?"

This same Congressman's native wit, together with the funny Irish bulls ascribed to him, made him famous all over the length and breadth of the land.

One of his peculiarities was a marked fondness for certain phrases and expressions which he gleaned from his reading of the newspapers. Among these expressions was "virgin forests," and this phrase he worked in, and overtime, on every possible occasion. After one of his pithy and spicy speeches in which, as usual, he had worked off his favorite "virgin forests," a colleague banteringly asked him what a virgin forest was.

"Why," replied the member, regarding his questioner with feigned amazement and an expression of pity for such ignorance, "why, a virgin forest is a forest—why, certainly, to be sure—a virgin forest is a forest, of course; that is to say, a forest where the hand of man has never put his foot."

---

"Soon after four in the morning," says Senator Olie James, of Kentucky, "a certain Congressman returned home in a condition indicating that he had been dining rather freely.

"He was lucky in getting the key to fit the lock at the tenth try, but as he literally climbed the stairs an unfortunate slip aroused his wife. When he reached the bedroom his helpmate, whose tongue was fond of exercise, gave a prolonged exhibition of shrewish oratory. In conclusion she lamented the fate that had tied her to a man who came home at four in the morning.

"My dear," expostulated the husband, "itsh only one o'clock. Just now I heard it shstrike one several times mosht distinc'ly."

---

A colleague asked another Congressman "what effect the coal strike had up in his part of the country?"

"Bad," he replied, "very bad. All the industries of Sullivan County have shut down."

"What are your principal industries?"

"Summer boarding houses."

---

Back along the New England coast is a dangerous reach of land marked on the charts as Dolliver's Neck. A big storm was raging along the coast once just at the time that Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, was having a hot



campaign. The temperance people are pretty strong in that State. Well, on the morning of election day he picked up a paper and then jumped about four feet straight up. A line clear across the top of the front page, in bold, black letters, read: "Five Schooners Gone Down Dolliver's Neck."

---

When United States Ambassador Choate reached London he found an irrepressible reporter waiting to interview him.

"Mr. Joseph H. Choate, I believe?" said the journalist.

"No, sir—Mr. Joseph Choate," the Ambassador replied, adding slyly: "In England I drop my H."

---

This is the way in which Henry Watterson, whom everybody knows, and not a few love, and whom a good many fear with reason,—this is the way in which he welcomed the presidential party at Louisville: "We turn over to you our houses and our horses, and there is the jug, and the sugar, and the ice, and the mint. We even surrender to you the hip pocket playthings with which we are wont sometimes to amuse ourselves, and if you can't make yourselves at home, and pass the time pleasantly, may the Lord have mercy on your souls."

---

## RAILROADS

An Englishman secured a job as street car conductor in Washington, D. C.

One Sunday morning, as his car rolled along, he was

calling out the names of the streets, with the usual Cockney disregard for the letter H, proceeding as follows:

"Haitch!"

"High!"

"Jay!"

"Kay!"

"Hell!"

At this point several demure looking ladies alighted and hastened toward an imposing Church edifice with no apparent misgivings, because of the conductor's announcement.

---

Rattling along at a rate of about five miles an hour on a narrow guage Mexican railroad, a passenger complained bitterly to the conductor of the roughness of the road.

"Never mind," said the conductor consolingly, "we'll be running much smoother by and by."

In a little while the train seemed to have struck a stretch of comparatively smooth track.

"Why," asked the delighted passenger, "how do you account for this agreeable change?"

"Oh, that happens quite often," replied the conductor, "we're off the track now and running on the ties."

---

## RESOURCEFULNESS

Two buildings were in course of construction opposite each other on the same street.

One building was being erected by an Irish contractor, who employed a gang of laborers composed of Irishmen only, and an Italian contractor, employing only Italians, was putting up the other building.

One morning, as work was about to begin, the Italian contractor found that he was short of bricks—a supply which he had ordered the day before not having arrived on time.

In order not to delay his work, he crossed over to the other building, and asked the Irish contractor to lend him bricks enough to get his men started, promising to return them as soon as his loads arrived.

"Never a brick," growled the Irishman, "ye should look out for your business as I do and thin ye'd not be nading to borry bricks."

Disgruntled because of the Irishman's ill nature, the Italian left, muttering to himself: "I'll getta da bricka alla da sama."

When he reached his own side of the street, he had all his men line themselves up along the curb, and delivered himself thus:

"Nowa menna, alla waiva da hatta, and holla together 'Hurraha fora da A. P. A.'"

In less than a wink and a half, there were more bricks flying across the street from the Irish contingent, than the Italians could use up in a day.

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## SAILORS

It is related of a certain United States Admiral, who for a number of years has been navigating some golden fleet beyond the Stygian mist, and who, whilst on duty in the briny surges of our terrestrial sphere, was as renowned for his skill and valor as he was noted for his eccentricities, was one day washed overboard during a heavy gale.

The sea was running into mountainous waves and was

lashed by the force of the storm into a vast caldron of seething white foam.

The admiral, who was at that time a young lieutenant, was paddling away for dear life in the wake of the ship, when the cry of "man overboard" rang out from the crew on watch.

Almost blinded by the biting spray, and sputtering as the salt water poured into his mouth and nostrils, he managed to yell back in answer to the cry of "man overboard," "You are a d—d liar; it's an officer."

---

A lady got into a crowded street car and none of the male passengers made a move to offer her a seat, until a sailor, about half seas over, who was seated in a far corner of the car, called out to the lady to come and take his seat.

"You are the only gentleman in this car," cried the lady in grateful recognition of the courtesy.

"You kin jest bet your bloody boots I am, ma'am," shouted the sailor, scrambling for a strap.

---

Two sailors, retiring from the sea, purchased a small saloon in a country town. The place was painted inside and out, being closed up for the purpose.

The villagers, after a few days, gathered outside the place, and one of them knocked at the door. A window above opened, and one of the former sailors inquired the reason for the gathering outside.

"We want to know when you are going to open up," was the reply.

"Open up?" retorted the man at the window. "We bought this place for ourselves!" And the window closed with a bang.

A lady at sea, in a gale of wind, being full of apprehension, cried out: "We shall go to the bottom—mercy on us, how my head swims!"—"Madam," said a sailor, "you'll never go to the bottom while your head swims."

---

### SARCASM

A minister who lived in a small town was noted for his sententiousness both in and out of the pulpit. As he was coming down the street one day a man accosted him with, "Sir, can you tell me how to find the sheriff?"

"Yes, sir," was the instant reply. "Every time you earn five dollars spend ten, and he'll hunt you up."

---

"My son," said the father impressively, "suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you?"

"Why," said the son, irreverently, "I'd stay here. The question is, what would become of you?"

---

One evening a stern father came rather hurriedly into the parlor and was much shocked to see his daughter and her "young man" occupying the same chair.

"Sir," he said, shaking his head solemnly, "when I was courting my wife, she sat on one side of the room and I sat on the other."

"Well," replied the suitor, not in the least abashed, "that's what I should have done if I had been courting your wife!"

---

A man who lives alongside of a cemetery was asked if it was not an unpleasant location.

"No," said he; "I never resided in all my life with a set of neighbors that minded their own business so steadily as they do." —

A gentleman looking for rooms saw a card on a house, "Apartments to let," and was shown what the accommodations were by a very pretty servant girl. "Tell me," said he, "are you a part of the apartments?"

"No, sir," she replied, "the apartments are to let, but I am to be let alone." —

One day when the Baron Rothschild was sitting in his private office busily engaged with some personal correspondence, an attendant handed him the card of a visitor who said he wanted to see the baron on urgent business.

The stranger was shown into the great banker's sanctum, and the latter, without raising his eyes from his work, said: "Take a chair, sir."

A few moments later the banker looked up and was surprised to see his caller still standing, and flushed with indignation, his dignity evidently having sustained a severe shock because of the banker's seemingly irreverent indifference to his august presence.

"I thought I asked you to take a chair, sir," remarked the banker.

"You did, sir," retorted the caller, "but without looking up from your desk when you invited me to take a chair. Perhaps you do not know who I am. I am the Duke of Flubdub, sir."

"Oh," exclaimed the banker, with much effusiveness and mock distress, "in that case, sir, pray take two chairs."

A woman met on the street a man who had stolen her husband's best suit of clothes and was brazenly wearing it.

"See here, my man," said the irate woman, "if you don't take those clothes back and give them to my husband, I'll expose you."

"And if I do," said the thief, "I'll expose myself."

---

A stranger in New York, who was stopping at a hotel near thirty-second street, had some business which called him to an office in the vicinity of the Battery, the southern extremity of the city.

In his ignorance of the city he started north on Broadway, and after walking several miles began to suspect he was going in the wrong direction.

Stopping a pedestrian, he asked:

"Can you tell me, sir, if I can reach the Battery in the direction that I am going?"

"You certainly can," replied the affable pedestrian.

"Well, how far is it?" inquired the stranger.

"Just twenty-four thousand miles, sir," answered the pedestrian, "but if you will face about and go the other way it is about six miles."

---

A facetious attorney meeting with a shrewd old farmer riding along on a white horse, thought to quiz him a little, and said:

"Uncle Rube, what makes your old horse look so pale in the face?"

"Ah, good friend," replied the old man, "if you had looked through a halter as long as this hoss has, you'd look pale too."



A young man, from his room in a house across the street, was in the habit of making eyes at the not very prepossessing young wife of a crusty old fellow.

When the old man took to task the young one for his insolent temerity, the latter taunted him with the homeliness of the lady.

"Why should I want to flirt with such an ugly woman? She's the homeliest mortal I ever gazed on," proffered the offender.

"Yes," returned the irate husband, "but you must know, young man, that beauty is only skin deep."

"Then, for heaven's sake, skin her," snickered the young rogue.

---

## SEASICKNESS

An Irishman who was crossing the Atlantic on a liner, had been suffering so continuously and violently from seasickness, that after he had cast up, and into the sea, nearly everything he owned, except his socks and Christian name, his friends began to view his condition with considerable apprehension and alarm, and it was suggested that some one should approach him, in as tactful a manner as possible, and ascertain what disposition should be made of the corpse should he pass away.

Accordingly, one of his friends said to him:

"Mike, me boy, there's nothing to be skeert about; but yees know that we've all got to die some time, and if it should happen that ye are taken away from us before ye recover from this say-sickness, what would ye have us do with the remains?"

"Begorrah," whispered Mike feebly, "if I don't git over this shpell, sure there'll be no remains."

An Irishman on an ocean liner was so distressingly seasick that he attracted, more than is usually the case, the attention of his fellow passengers, and one of them, thinking it might cheer up the sick man to divert his attention from himself, stepped to the side of the Irishman, who was leaning over the rail, paying his tribute to Neptune.

"Say, old chap," said the would-be comforter, slapping the sick man on the back, "say, do you think the moon will be up tonight?"

"I don't know," feebly replied the Irishman, "but there's wan thing yees can bet on. If I swallowed the moon it'll be sure to come up."

---

## SERVANTS

A pompous footman, who plumed himself upon his correctness of speech, made the following announcement in ushering a Mr. Foote and his two daughters into the drawing room at a fashionable function:

"Mr. Foote and the two Misses Feet."

---

Any one who has sojourned in Chicago for a fortnight can bear testimony to the abominable character of the aqueous fluid, as is sometimes dispensed by the Water Commissioners, and can perhaps appreciate the following table-talk: "I guess, Bridget," said Mr. Smith, holding up a glass of water, "you forgot to filter this water."—"Indade, sir, I filtered it as well as I could, sir," replied the domestic.—"How did you filter it, Bridget?" asked her mistress.—"Through flannel, ma'am."—"Through flannel? Why, where did you get flannel to make a filter?"—"O, I jist took one of your husband's under-

shirts, ma'am."—"Why, Bridget! I'm surprised at your doing such a thing," replied the mistress in amazement.—"O, ma'am, I didn't take one of the clean ones; I just took one out of the clothes-basket, ma'am."

---

An Englishman was walking along one of the principal thoroughfares of Washington and saw a wooly headed old negro putting coal in one of the cellars of the Government buildings. The negro worked away industriously.

"What is your name?" asked the interested tourist at length.

The negro bowed in a pleasant way. "My name's George Washington, sah, at your service."

"Washington, Washington," muttered the Englishman, musingly. "It seems to me I have heard the name before."

"Shouldn't wonder, sah," rejoined the negro, in a delighted tone. "I've been here doing this sort of thing for the last ten years."

---

Said a servant to an Irish laborer: "Here is beer, Pat, if you care to have it; but I'm afraid it's quite dead."

"Oh, dead is it? Well, then, my darling, it's meself is the boy to bury it," replied Pat.

---

A family that resided in an interior city had one of those maids of the invariably heavy hand. One day the town experienced a slight shock of earthquake. Pictures were thrown down, furniture and crockery rattled about. During the tumult the mistress went to the head of the basement stairs and called out in a patient, forbearing tone:

"Well, Lizzie, what are you doing now?"

Dowager Lady Shelly was traveling by the mail coach, with her footman outside, when the coach was upset, turning completely over. The footman springing to his feet unhurt heard his mistress's voice saying: "John, pull me out; the black legs are mine."

---

## SOCIETY

A couple of Chicago women met on a street. "Why," exclaimed one, "how do you do, Mrs. Carter? I called at your house one week, and there was no one at home."

"We have moved, Mrs. Gates," said the other. "Didn't you know that?"

"No. And when did you move?"

"About two weeks ago. We got tired of living in all the noise and bustle; so we went away out in the suburbs."

"What direction?"

"Northwest."

"And where are you located now?"

"It's a new neighborhood, Mrs. Gates, and I can't describe it exactly, but if I had a map of the city here I could show you. We live just about half an inch outside of the city limits."

---

All Newport was throbbing with expectancy in anticipation of a much heralded *fête champêtre*, which had been planned by Mrs. Astorbilt.

Early in the evening upon which the important function came off, a newsboy planted himself in front of the spacious grounds surrounding the mansion, with a bundle of newspapers under his arm, and made the welkin ring with his raucous yelling: "Extry! Extry!

All about Mrs. Astorbilt's big fête! Extry! Extry!  
All about Mrs. Astorbilt's big fête comin' off tonight!"

Pretty soon a great crowd of *hoi polloi* gathered on the sidewalk, peering inquisitively between the gilded bars of the massive iron fence.

After a while a florist came hastening down the walk from the mansion to the main gate, carrying on his shoulder a long coffin-like box, in which he had delivered some flowers earlier in the evening.

In an instant the man became the cynosure of all the curiosity seeking rabble. Suddenly, a shrill little voice, proceeding from a diminutive urchin, rang out from among the group of spectators:

"There goes one of 'em now," he screamed.

"One of what?" clamored a dozen voices, all in unison.

"Why, one of Mrs. Astorbilt's big feet," shrieked the gamin, in high glee.

---

A lady, who was painfully diffident and very easily embarrassed, would often get confused and mixed up in her speech.

She held a very prominent front pew in a fashionable church, in which it was the custom to throw all private pews open to strangers, if the holders were not in their seats a reasonable time after the services began.

One Sunday the lady put in her appearance very late, and seeing a large assemblage in the church, she stood hesitating, just inside of the main entrance, when she was approached by an usher, whose presence seemed to embarrass her very much, and caused her tongue to assume the convolutions of a corkscrew.

"What can I do for you, madam?" asked the courteous usher.

"Oh," stammered the lady, "if my pie is occupewed, sew me to a sheet."

*[If my pew is occupied, show me to a seat.]*

---

## SOLDIERS

A new cavalry recruit, who had never in his life been on a horse, was given one of the most refractory animals in the troop to ride. The sergeant admonished him that no soldier was permitted to dismount without orders. The recruit was no sooner in the saddle than the spirited horse had him sprawling on the ground.

"Why did you dismount, man?" yelled the sergeant, "did you have orders from headquarters to dismount?"

"No," groaned the victim of discipline, "my orders came from hindquarters."

---

An old sergeant of regulars, who was held in high esteem by his commanding officer, called at the latter's quarters one morning and asked him for the loan of a small sum of money.

"Why, Sergeant," remarked the Captain, somewhat surprised, "of course you can have the money; but for the life of me I cannot imagine what becomes of all your money. You were paid only two days ago and now you haven't a cent. How on earth do you account for it?"

"Well, Captain," replied the soldier, "when I went on leave yesterday I had \$45. I met some friends and I spent \$20 with them for eats and drinks. Then I took some dames for an automobile ride which cost me \$15 more. Last night I took some friends to the show, after which we had supper and drinks, the total of which came to exactly \$9.70. That accounts for all but

thirty cents, and I've been trying to remember what became of that, but I cannot—I guess I must have spent it foolishly, Captain.”

---

In a Southern town there was, just after the Civil War, a small hotel with a bar which opened out on to the railway station platform.

One afternoon the barkeeper was complaining to a solitary customer of dull business and the emptiness of the bar-room.

“Why, I can fill this bar-room in thirty seconds,” said the customer, and I won’t ask a living soul to come into it.”

“All right,” said the barman, “if you can do as you say I promise to treat all the people that will appear in thirty seconds.”

There were just twenty-seven men lounging around on the platform in front of the hotel, when the man poked his head out of the window of the bar-room and shouted:

“There’s a man in here who wants to treat the general.” Just twenty-seven generals rushed precipitously for the bar.

---

A waggish army officer laid a wager of a basket of wine with a brother officer, that he could fire ten shots at a target five hundred yards distant and call each shot correctly before the marker could mark the shot.

Next morning a big crowd assembled to witness the experiment.

The officer fired the first shot and calmly announced, “Miss.”

Then he fired the second and the third shots and called out “Miss” each time.



"Hey, there; that won't do," shouted the umpire, "you are not trying to hit the target at all."

"Certainly not," laughed the marksman, "I'm shooting to hit the wine."

---

A drill-sergeant, whose severity had made him unpopular with his troops, was putting a party of recruits through the funeral service. Opening the ranks so as to admit the passage of the supposed cortege between them, the instructor, by way of practical explanation, walked slowly down the lane formed by the two ranks, saying, as he did so:

"Now, I'm the corpse. Pay attention."

Having reached the end of the path, he turned round, regarded them steadily with a scrutinizing eye for a moment or two, then exclaimed:

"Your 'ands is right, and your 'eads is right, but you haven't got that look of regret you ought to 'ave."

---

"Where did you get that turkey?" said the colonel of the regiment, to one of his amiable recruits, who came into camp with a fine bird.—"Stole it," was the laconic reply.—"Ah," said the colonel, triumphantly, to a bystander, "you see my boys may steal, but they won't lie."

---

## STAGE FOLK

A lady called one day upon a celebrated actor, who had become famous both because of his professional ability and his many matrimonial adventures, and reminded him that certain payments due her were in arrears.

Opening an account book the actor began turning over the leaves and then suddenly stopped, asking, with an air of perplexity, "Please excuse me, madam, but I really cannot recall your name."

"Why," snapped the lady indignantly, "I am your fourth wife and you have failed to pay the last allowance of alimony."

"Why, yes indeed, madam, I thought your face was familiar; but could not place you—why, certainly, I shall see that the check due is mailed to you at once."

---

Nat Goodwin and a friend were dining together one evening in a very *recherché* resort. In the center of the table was a magnificent vase containing an assortment of exquisite flowers.

"This is my favorite flower," observed Goodwin's friend, pointing to a gorgeous dark red rose. "You know, Nat, I married an American beauty."

"Huh!" ejaculated the vivacious actor, "you've nothing on me; I married a whole bunch."

---

Nat Goodwin, the much-married actor, was on one occasion speaking reminiscently of the great attachment that one of his ex-wives' relatives formed for him.

"Why," said the famous comedian, "I once invited a brother-in-law to come out to my country home and take tea with me. He came, as did also his trunk, and he staid three years."

---

The late Charles Frohman, in all of his theatrical ventures, was ever alive to the importance of attention to detail, as a vital factor making for success. He believed

in always having small and seemingly insignificant things exactly right, and often quoted the observations of a convivial husband who came home late one night and, while fumbling around with his latch-key, mumbled to himself:

"Now what was it exactly that my wife said to me when I left for the club? Was it to take two drinks and get home by 12, or take twelve drinks and get home by 2?"

---

A very facetious actor, one of the type whose mediocrity of talent was oftener displayed to elicit the applause of bar-room loungers than for legitimate endeavor, rushed into a gilded booze palace one day and asked the bartender with mock seriousness:

"Say, old scout, can you tell me what time it is by your proboscis?"

"No, I can't," quickly returned the jag dealer, "look at your own; mine ain't running."

---

The manager of the "Red Eye Opera House," in a frontier town, was approached by the editor of the "Wistful Wobbler," and asked if he did not think that the author of the fiery melodrama, which was produced the night before, would go down to posterity as a phenomenal dramatic writer?

"I don't know," replied the matter-of-fact manager, "whether or not he'll ever reach 'Posterity' alive; for the last I heard of him he was hot-footing it down the Gulch with the gang a close second, and if they ever ketch him, Posterity'll be short a citizen when next census is taken."

---

A New York actor, whose stately tread is not unfamiliar to the habitués of the Great White Way, happened

to be asleep in bed in San Francisco on the morning of the great earthquake, the shock of which flung him out of his bed into an adjoining room, and landed him in a bathtub filled with water. The actor was so terrified that he did not get out of the tub for several hours, when finally he ventured out only to be captured by a soldier, who at the point of his bayonet compelled the actor to clear away wreckage and pile up bricks for two days.

One evening, after his return to New York, he was relating his doleful experience to a circle of friends in a leading Bohemian club, when one of his auditors remarked slyly:

"Well, well, who would believe that it takes a seismic disturbance to make some actors take a bath and the United States Army to make them work!"

---

Miss Victoire Vincendière, comedienne, tells of an adventure which nearly threw her into hysterics. She had promised to take a friend to the theater, and accordingly went to the telephone to arrange with the box office that seats might be reserved for her.

"I want a box for two tonight," she called.

A subdued snicker rippled over the wire and a voice answered:

"We have no such thing as a box for two."

"Oh, you don't understand," pursued Miss Vincendière, "I mean I want a box—it makes no difference if there's room in it for a dozen."

"But we have no such boxes—our boxes are only built for one."

"Why, what nonsense! Are you trifling with me?" asked the lady, hotly. "Who are you, anyway? Isn't this the Standard Theater box office?"

A loud, harsh laugh greeted this last question.

"No, indeed," came over the wire in response, "I'm an undertaker and this is my shop."

---

Sidney Riggs, the versatile young Thespian, while playing an engagement in Philadelphia, gave his Chinese laundryman two tickets for himself and wife to witness the performance. A few days afterward he asked the Chinaman how he and his wife enjoyed the show.

"Likee show belly muchee," said the Chinaman.

"Well, how did your wife like it?" asked the actor.

"Wifee no understandee Ingles, but I tellee wifee when time come for cly and she cly muchee."

---

An audience vociferously called for the hero of a melodrama to come before the curtain after he had been killed and enacted a thrilling dying scene to slow music.

The actor refused to make his appearance, which only stimulated the enthusiasm of the spectators and brought forth more insistent calls.

At length the manager, a witty Irishman, came to the front and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the carps is keenly alive to your appreciation of his work, but otherwise he's dead and he's goin' to stay dead."

---

During the parade of a road show in an Arkansas town a big gander waddled out of a yard and planting himself in the middle of the street began to hiss.

One of the actors, picking up a brickbat and hurling it at the offending bird, hissed back:

"Take that, you old feathered reptile, and withhold your disapproval until you see the show."

A theatrical company was playing a one-night-stand town in a marshy section of New Jersey when the clapping of hands became so unusual and continuous that the actors began to get chesty and suspect that they were giving an extraordinary performance. The leading man came to the front repeatedly, bowing profoundly each time—but still the clapping continued.

"Well, what do you say to that?" asked the actor of an Irish stage hand, "can you beat it!"

"What d'ye mane?" said the Irishman.

"Why all that hand clapping out there—that applause."

"Sure, ye don't call that applause?" and the Irishman laughed uproariously. "Whoi, man aloive, that's not applause. That's the people killin' 'skeeters."

---

Foote, the comedian, while traveling dined one day at an inn in the west of England.

The landlord asking him how he liked the fare, he replied:

"I have dined as well as any man in England."

"Except the Mayor," cried the landlord.

"I do not except anybody," retorted Foote.

"But you must," bawled the host.

"I won't."

"You must."

At length the strife ended by the landlord taking the comedian before the Mayor, who observed that it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to except the Mayor, and the actor was fined ten shillings for not conforming to this ancient custom.

Foote paid the fine, at the same time observing that he thought the landlord was the greatest ass in England—except the Mayor.

There was one occasion when Mr. Forrest, the great tragedian, received from one of the supers of a theater an answer which seemed to please him.

It was the man's part to say simply: "The enemy is upon us," which he uttered at rehearsal in a miserably whining manner.

"Can't you say it better than that?" shouted Forrest. "Repeat it as I do," and he spoke the words with all the power and richness of his magnificent voice.

"If I could say it like that," replied the man, "I wouldn't be working for five dollars a week."

"Is that all you get?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, say it anyway you like."

---

Burton, the comedian, was traveling down the Hudson on a steamboat. At supper he called for some beef-steak. The waiter brought him a very small strip that resembled a shoestring more than a portion for a hungry man.

Turning the bit of meat over very cautiously and scrutinizing it with a very serious expression, he remarked, "Yes, this is a sample of just what I want; bring me some."

---

Creighton Hale and Sheldon Lewis, the noted moving picture actors, were walking one day along the street when a pushcart man and his little boy came along.

"Them's play actors," said the boy.

"Hold your tongue, you young rascal," cried the old man, "you don't know what you may come to yourself."



Miss Isabelle Lowe, the winsome young star of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine Company," was one evening in the green room of a Broadway theater commenting upon the excellencies of her leading man. "He has a wonderful eye," she remarked, "an eye that can penetrate a board fence."

Another member of the company—a veritable marplot—ran off immediately to the leading man and reported to him that Miss Lowe said he had "a gimlet eye."

---

An unlucky actor, seldom employed, succeeded in getting a small part with a road show. One day he complained of a violent toothache and a dentist advised him to have the tooth taken out.

"No, just put something in it to stop the pain for the present," said the actor; "but in about two weeks the company will close and then I'll have 'em all taken out as I'll have no further use for them."

---

A big New York politician once asked Charlie Backus, the noted end man of the old San Francisco Minstrels, if he would not like to run for Congress.

"No, indeed," said the actor, "I only have to play fool when a few hours on the stage, at night; but in Congress I'd have to play that rôle all the time."

---

In a small town where a road company was showing, some disgruntled individual tossed a sheep's head on the stage. The manager, advancing to the front, said:

"Gentlemen, if any among you has lost his head, do not be uneasy, for it shall be restored after the performance."

Creighton Hale, the famous young moving picture star, tells a story emphasizing the difference in the sense of humor which characterizes the people of the various leading nations.

At a brilliant function, attended principally by stage folk, this question was discussed with much animation, wit, and humor.

One distinguished artist related a story which he claimed would appeal to the German sense of humor. Another raconteur told a story which he thought would best please a French audience. Another gave his view in narrative form of such elements of humor as the Italians demanded in the construction of a good story; and so on one after another told his story, each applicable to the humorous sense of the divers peoples, until it reached the turn of Mr. Hale, who proceeded as follows:

"Being an Irishman, I believe I know the kind of humor that would make the funny bone tingle all through a promiscuous Dublin audience."

#### THE STORY

A man went to a dentist to have a tooth extracted.

The dentist very deftly and quickly jerked out a big molar. As soon as the tooth was out he took a glance at it, and made a rush for a big sofa upon which he fell in a paroxysm of laughter. When he had almost laughed himself into hysterics, the patient turned his head in the chair and asked feebly:

"What on earth are you laughing at?"

"Laughing at?" cried the dentist, "why, man alive, I've pulled the wrong tooth."

---

A famous tragedian was performing one of his favorite parts at a country theatre, and was interrupted from

time to time by the squalling of a child in the gallery, until at length, angered by this rival performance, the actor walked with solemn steps to the front of the stage, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped, the child cannot possibly go on."

---

An interviewer tried to get some material from Richard Mansfield one day.

"You have had a long and remarkable experience, Mr. Mansfield," he said, "can't you 'reminisce' a little, and give me a few anecdotes?"

"Yes, I have had some experiences," admitted the distinguished actor, "but I hope that I have not yet reached my anecdoteage."

---

A story is told of a certain well-known theatrical manager, who has a habit of, by hook or crook, getting his own way:

"That's too loud," he called out one day, as the orchestra started at a rehearsal.

"I can't help it, sir," replied the conductor, "it's marked 'forte.' "

"Well," went on the man of power, imperturbably, "just make it thirty-five, please."

---

A Southern judge, famed for his severity and his uncompromising loyalty to the traditions of procedure, had to try a case in which one of the witnesses happened to be an actress of no small popularity in the South. It chanced that the nature of her evidence was such that the usual question about her age was not likely to be omitted, so when she came to the stand his honor told

the court clerk to suspend action for a moment; then, turning to the actress, he said:

"Madame, how old are you?"

"Twenty-six," said the lady, who was thirty-six if she were a day.

"Very well," said the judge, politely. "I asked that question because, if I hadn't, it would surely have been asked when the attorney for the defense cross-examined you. And now that you have told us your age, do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?"

---

A well-known theatrical manager, more famous, if possible, for the "breaks" he made, than for his many successes, while attending the rehearsal of one of his plays, noticed that a man in the orchestra who had to play the trombone was holding the instrument in front of him and doing nothing.

The manager at once called him to account.

"Say," said he, "what do you mean by not working along with the other fellows?"

"Why," said the musician, "I can't play; I have nineteen bars rest."

"Not on your life!" replied the angry manager. "I don't pay any one for resting. Either you play when the other fellows do, or you clear out, see?"

---

## STEAMBOATS

A traveler standing on the quay looking at a Mississippi boat accosted one of the deck hands who was leisurely smoking a pipe, enquiring:

"Say, boss, is this boat going up or down?"

"Well," said the man, speaking slowly and as if considering the subject in all its aspects: "she's all-fired leaky, and her b'ilers ain't none too good, so I guess it's about even chances, if you're taking a bet on it."

---

The following notice was posted in a pleasure boat belonging to a steamship company on the Suir, Ireland: "The chairs in the cabin are for the ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."

---

"I say, Cap'n," said a little keen-eyed man as he landed from a steamboat on the Mississippi River, "I say, Cap'n, this here ain't all my belongings."

"That's all the baggage you brought on board, sir," replied the Captain.

"Well, see now, I grant it's all O. K., accordin' to list—four boxes, three chests, two hams, two strings of inyons and a tea kettle—but you see, Cap'n, I'm dubersome. I feel that's somethin' short."

"Well, stranger," growled the Captain, "the time's up, so get your wife and ten children out of the cabin so we can be off."

"Thar now! Them's em, darn it!—them's em! Say, I knowed I'd forgot somethin'."

---

## TRAMPS AND BEGGARS

A lady said to a pretentious tramp, who had asked her for a "hand-out" one day:

"Are you not the same man to whom I gave a big slice of that nice mince pie I made last week?"

"Well, lady, I have a very vivid recollection of the pie;

but I am not the same man, nor haven't been since I ate it."

"Well," said the lady, "I cannot give you any food today, but here's a dime. Now, remember, I do not give you this money because I think you deserve it, but because it affords me some little pleasure to assist the needy."

"In that case, lady, don't you think if you gave me a quarter you could indulge in a veritable riot of joy?" asked the impudent rogue.

---

A tramp accosted a gentleman in the street and asked him for the price of a night's lodging. The gentleman had no small change, but told the tramp he would be along there again in a few minutes after he had made a few purchases and would have some change.

"Very good of you, indeed," remarked the tramp; "but, sir, you have no idea how much money I lose by giving credit."

---

An eccentric beggar thus laconically addressed a lady: "Will you, madam, give me a drink of water, for I am so hungry I don't know where to stay tonight?"

---

One day a tramp called at the house of a blunt farmer and asked for cold victuals and old clothes. "You appear to be a stout, hearty-looking man," said the farmer; "what do you do for a living?"—"Why, not much," replied the fellow, "except traveling about from one place to another."—"Traveling about, ha!" rejoined the farmer; "can you travel pretty well?"—"Oh, yes," returned the sturdy beggar, "I'm pretty good at that."—"Well, then," said the farmer, coolly opening the door, "let's see you travel."

An old Irishwoman approached a wealthy man one day soliciting alms. When she saw him put his hand in his pocket, she cried out, "May the blessing of God follow you all your life!" but when he only pulled out his snuff-box, immediately added, "and never overtake ye."

---

### MISCELLANEOUS

A boarder was seen to pick something out of a sausage he was eating. "What is it, Ben?" asked a boarder, sitting opposite.—"A little piece of 'bark,' I believe," replied Ben.—"Well, old fellow, it's my opinion you'd better not hunt any longer, or you might hear a 'growl' pretty soon."

---

A new-made widow went to a life insurance office to receive the amount of a policy on her husband's life, which had, providentially, been made payable to her. The president thought it only proper to condole with her on her bereavement. "I am truly sorry, madam, to hear of your loss."

"That's always the way with you men. You are always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."

---

A Virginia paper describes a fence which is made of such crooked rails, that every time a pig crawls through, he comes out on the same side.

---

A firm in Cincinnati telegraphed to a correspondent in Cleveland as follows:

"Cranberries rising. Send immediately one hundred barrels per Simmons," "Simmons" being then the agent



of the Cincinnati house. The telegraph operator ran the two last words together, and shortly afterward the Cincinnati firm were astonished to find delivered at their store one hundred barrels of persimmons.

---

A country paper once said: "E. B. Doolittle is in the habit of stealing pigs and robbing hen roosts. If he does not desist we shall publish his name." This is equal to a minister at a camp-meeting, who said: "If the lady with the blue hat, red hair, and cross eyes doesn't stop her talking she will be pointed out to the congregation."

---

Just before dismissing the congregation, the minister announced that mothers who had children to be baptized should present them on the following Sunday. The deacon who was deaf, supposing that his pastor was advertising the hymn book, jumped up hastily and cried out: "All you who have got none can get as many as you want from me at seventy-five cents each."

---

A gentleman was chiding his son for staying out late at night, and said: "Why, when I was your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark."—"Then you had a deuce of a father, you had," said the young profligate. Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated: "I had a confounded sight better one than you have, you young rascal."

---

One of the greatest speeches on record is the following, describing the destruction of a meeting-house by a flood: "A few short weeks ago, and you saw the stately meeting-house towering up in your midst, like a grannydeur in a

corn-field. Now, none so poor to do it reverence! It has gone the way of all flesh. The mighty torrents descended from the eternal clouds; the air was filled with cries of despair; the river swelled and ran over; the mighty building creaked, shook, rose from the surface of the water, moved like a world in miniature down the vast expanse, carrying off with it an old pair of boots that I had left in one corner of our pew."

---

A German wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy: "If mine wife had lived until next Friday she would have been dead shust two weeks. Nothing is possible with the Almighty. As de tree falls so must it stand."

---

At a railway shareholders' meeting, held in London, a gentleman would insist upon making a very long speech. The chairman, when he had concluded, quietly asked the orator if he had quite done.—"Yes, sir, quite," was the indignant reply of the seated man.—"You will, consequently, permit me to answer you, sir?"—"Oh, certainly, if you can; but I defy you to do that."—"Well, then," said the chairman, calmly, and with exceeding measured voice, looking around the room, "I have to inform you that you are in the wrong room, and addressing the wrong company. The speech which you have made should have been delivered at No. 6, first floor."

---

The Brunswick Telegraph tells a story of a young widow down on the Kennebec, who said to an acquaintance who was condoling with her upon the recent death of her husband, "I hope you'll excuse my not crying; but the fact is, crying always makes my nose bleed."

The following bill, rendered by a carpenter to a farmer for whom he had worked, seems at least curious:

"To hanging two barn doors and myself seven hours,  
one dollar and a half."

---

A farmer, more celebrated for his fine stock than a good education, wrote to the secretary of an agricultural society in regard to entering his animals for the premium offered, and added, as a postscript, as follows: "Also enter me for the best jackass. I am sure of a premium."

---

A widow in a meditative mood, sitting by a cheerful fire, shortly after her husband's decease, sighed out: "Poor fellow—how he did like a good fire. I hope he has gone where they keep good fires."

---

A loving husband at St. Louis telegraphed to his wife in New York as follows: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer came back: "Buck-wheat cakes and the measles."

---

A Western man visited New York, and after a few weeks wrote to his wife, saying:

"New York City is a great city, but I do wish I had come here before I got religion."

---

Tobacco is a dirty weed,

I like it.

It satisfies no normal need,

I like it.

It makes you thin, it makes you lean,

It takes the hair right off your bean.

It's the worst darn stuff I've ever seen,

I like it.

The Irishman who had been away for some time was seeking information as to his old friends.

"So!" he exclaimed, when he was advised of the fate of one of them. "So, poor ole Mike was killed in a railroad wreck. Was it a head-on collision?"

"No," said his Celtic informant, "his head was off when they found him."

---

With the coming of women to a small mining camp in the interior of Alaska, the local authorities found it advisable to caution the Indians about swearing in public. In a short time most of them realized that swearing in public was punishable by a short jail sentence.

One of these Indians was a witness in a case of some importance in the local justice court, and had testified to certain facts which greatly exasperated counsel for the defense. With his hand upraised, the lawyer impressively thundered: "Now, Nick, will you swear—"

"No!" shouted the Indian. "Me no swear! Swear talk no good here!"

---

A convict in a French penal colony, who was serving a life sentence there, desired to marry one of the women convicts, and made application to the authorities for the necessary permission. The governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross-examine the prisoner.

"Did you marry in France?"

"Yes."

"And is your wife dead?"

"She is."

"Have you any document to show that she is dead?"

"No."

"Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead."

There was a pause, and the bride-prospective looked at the would-be bridegroom. Finally he said: "I can prove that my former wife is dead."

"How will you do so?"

"I was sent here for killing her."

The bride accepted him notwithstanding.

---

A local attorney at Wailuku, Maui, in the Hawaiian Islands, was visited by a native man and woman. The woman acted as spokesman. She said:

"We are in much pilikia" (a Hawaiian word meaning trouble or difficulty).

The attorney asked: "Do you want a divorce?"

The woman answered: "Yes; my husband here, he want a divorce from his first wife."

---

Eugene Field was a great lover of old books and quite a collector of them. His means were not adequate to his desires, however, and one of the quaintest proofs of this was a slip of paper, found by a purchaser of an old volume, in Field's handwriting; evidently an impromptu verse,—

"Kind friend, for goodness sake forbear  
To buy the book thou findest here,  
For when I do obtain the pelf,  
I mean to buy the book myself."

Another bit of rhyme, which is thoroughly American, is in the preface to one of Bill Nye's books. It runs,—

"Go, little booklet, go,  
Bearing an honored name,  
Till everywhere that you have went,  
They're glad that you have came."

"I suppose," said a wag to his friend, "you know that Mary had a little lamb?"

"Of course! How absurd."

"Well, it was spoiled."

"How?"

"For want of mint sauce."

---

"There!" said Hooligan, "there, Misther Mooligan, see that wondtherful tunnel, an' here comes the thrain! Watch now an' let the wind whistle through your whiskers! Begorrah but 'tis a soight to make a man,—there look at that now!"

The train whizzed past them and was swallowed up in the darkness of the tunnel.

"An' what, Misther Mooligan," said Mr. Hooligan, "what do you think of that now?"

"Well, Mr. Hooligan," said Mr. Mooligan, "I'm thinking what would happen if the thrain missed the hole, so I am."

---

"Mike, I am going to make you a Christmas present of this pig."

"Ah, sure; an' 'tis just like you, sor!"

---

Two middle-aged women were talking of the war, and the means they would adopt to earn a living should married men be forced to join the army.

"Well," said one, "if the worst should come I can keep the wolf from the door by singing."

"Marie, you can," said the other matron, very earnestly; "that is, if the wolf has a correct ear for music."

"You assure me that this is the very latest fashion?"

"Yes, madam."

"And it won't fade?"

"No, madam, I am sure it won't; we have had it in the window for two years." —

Up in Canada an American came across a lonely hut and interviewed the proprietor with a view to writing up the locality.

"Whose house is this?" he asked.

"Moggs."

"What in the world is it built of?"

"Logs."

"Any animals natural to the locality?"

"Frogs."

"What sort of soil have you?"

"Bogs."

"How about the climate?"

"Fogs."

"What do you live on chiefly?"

"Hogs."

"Have you any friends?"

"Dogs." —

A mining engineer in Yukon was one day watching a game of poker in which the stakes were heavy, when he saw a player give himself four aces from the bottom of the pack.

Indignant at such shameless cheating, he turned to a by-stander and whispered:

"Did you see that?"

"See what?"

"Why that fellow dealt himself four aces!"

"Well, wasn't it his deal?"



A high building was being erected in Dublin, Ireland, when a workman lost his footing and fell from the roof, but in his fall he managed to grasp a telegraph wire, which still left him at a perilous height from the ground.

"Hang on for your life!" shouted his fellow-workmen, and some of them ran to procure a mattress on which he could drop. He held on for a few seconds only, and then shouted: "Sthand from undher!" and dropped. He was picked up senseless and carried to a hospital. On his recovery he was asked why he did not hang on longer.

"Shure," said he, "I was afraid the wire wud break."

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